

THE MESSENGER.

"AS THE TRUTH IS IN JESUS."

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Poetry.

GOD'S WILL.

By Frances E. Gordon.

"That good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

I.

God sent my cross to me—

A heavy cross, with edges sharp and rough,
That tore my hands till, in its sore despair,
My heart cried out: "I am not strong enough
Through the long years this bitter cross to bear—

Is this God's will for me?"

II.

Then, opened by His power,

Mine eyes saw through the vista of the coming years
How that dread cross would guide me on my way,
How its dark shelter keep me safe from fears,
Uphold my steps, and prove my staff and stay
In many an evil hour.

III.

I saw and understood

How when my cross had dimmed earth's fleeting light,
The heavenly glory shone but fairer still
Around my way, and made the path so bright,
That I had strength to say: "This is God's will,
And it is very good."

IV.

How sacred and how dear this cross can grow;
And how, by merely bowing to that will
Which I found "good," God's blessed peace can flow

Across my life, making my Father's will
Acceptable to me.

V.

While in the dark I lay

I simply trust His love will send to me
The one sure cross to lead me home aright;
But yet a little while, and I shall see
God's will for me shine through Heaven's
crystal light—
A perfect will alway.

—Churchman.

Communications.

For the Messenger.

SERMON OR SERVICE—WHICH?

In an open letter to the Rev. Dr. Robinson, published in "The Century" for August, "Pew Owner" writes as follows: "You write of church congregations as assembled for the worship of God. Nothing could be further from the truth."

* * * Indeed the churches have very aptly been styled the dress-parade of modern civilization. Leaving out of sight, for argument, the consideration of the purpose for which people are in theory supposed to attend churches, and falling back on your own actual personal experience, ask yourself what are the real objects which engage the thoughts and attention of the persons whom you yourself actually know. Unless your experience differs vastly from mine, you will admit that these objects are at one end of the church, dignified and polished oratory; at the other, sensuous and ravishing strains of music; and in the territory between, unexceptionable manners and rich and stylish apparel."

This is strong language. The charge is certainly overdrawn. I doubt not but that at first glance a majority of the Reformed readers of the MESSENGER would resent the accusation in so far, at least, as one might seek to apply it to our own churches. Yet it is not altogether groundless. It contains quite enough truth to challenge our attention and to justify an earnest consideration of the question—Why do our people attend the service of the Church?

To say that the members of our congregations frequent the house of God only as

a matter of pious habit or decorous Sunday amusement would be a gross libel. But, on the other hand, to assert positively that their first and chief purpose in frequenting the courts of Zion is always the public worship of the Triune Jehovah, would be to deceive ourselves. Let us be candid in this matter. Is it not a fact that a large majority of church-going Christians regard the hearing of the sermon as the one great privilege of their church attendance? In order to be convinced of this fact let any one of our pastors announce that at the next stated Lord's day service there will be no preaching. I venture to say that very many of his most regular and, in their way, pious church members, would be conspicuous by their absence. And why? Because being Christians, and therefore the reconciled children of our Father in heaven, they are no longer required to praise and magnify His holy name? No, for it is from the redeemed hosts both here and in the heavenly world that the voice of thanksgiving must needs go up continually. Is it because they are so sure of God's mercies that they can afford to neglect supplicating the throne of grace? Are they, as worthy members of the Church, exempt from the duty of seeking the Lord in prayer, and of publicly confessing His name in the presence of the congregation? Is there a time in which the believing child of God ought not to exclaim with the Psalmist—"I was glad when they said unto me, let us go up unto the house of the Lord?" Why then absent himself from the sanctuary of the Most High under the hypothetical circumstances above mentioned? Simply because in one particular the service would differ from other ordinary services, and that particular a non-essential in so far as the fitting worship of God is concerned.

Let no one imagine that the writer undervalues the importance of preaching the Gospel, or of the sermon as a part of every Lord's day service. It is only against the undue importance which is so generally accorded to this one usually present part, at the expense and to the detriment of the other absolutely necessary parts, of all genuine Christian worship that he would enter a solemn and earnest protest. For let it be remembered that, (in so far at least as a congregation of believers is concerned) whilst prayer and praise are essential attributes of every complete service of God, the sermon or homily is of secondary significance, dependent upon the spiritual needs of the assembled worshippers. It follows, therefore, that the public adoration of God in the name of Christ, through active participation in more or less determined forms of prayer and praise, constitutes the only *sine qua non* of all Christian worship.

I know very well that there are those who are ready to criticise the position just taken. But certainly there is much greater reason for calling attention to the widespread evil thus briefly indicated. Permit me, in conclusion, to enumerate a few of the unfortunate results consequent upon the undue exaltation of the sermon above the service.

1. The monopoly of prayer by the officiating clergyman.

2. The monopoly of praise by the choir. In both cases the people are at best passive participants. Thus their worship is rendered, as it were, by proxy. They employ only their ears, although the Lord unquestionably requires that they engage in His service actively and audibly. Thus they make no distinction whatever between preaching on the one hand, and praying, and singing on the other. They are listeners throughout. Query. When is the temptation to listen during prayer the greater—during an extemporaneous or during a liturgical service?

3. The prostitution of the pulpit to the level of the lecturer's platform.

Compare the preaching of the early Church with much that is popular to day. The difference is owing to the fact that people now attend service neither to worship God nor yet to learn what they must do to be saved, but chiefly in order to be intellectually gratified, and aesthetically pleased.

4. The attendance of the members regulated by and dependent upon the oratorical powers and local popularity of the pastor. A very general evil, although easily accounted for. When once the sermon is made to absorb all the interest, it follows naturally that the members of a congregation will care little either for their own spiritual home as a place peculiarly sacred and dear, or for that decent order of service endeared by association and hallowed by the tradition of their fathers. "A popular preacher" is for them the one attraction. How will they seek him at all hazards. Whether after they have found him they will be able to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness is a question which they never ask, the importance and significance of which they are moreover scarcely in a position to appreciate. E. A. G.

For the Messenger.

EVANGELISTS—WHY NOT?

If there is a need before our Church, it is earnest, aggressive work. The spirit of the times, the waste places within our borders, the inviting field, the golden opportunities, East, West, North and South, all cry for immediate active efforts. Our very life as a Church, a distinct denomination, with holy aims and purposes, demands that we be not slack in the work entrusted to us, lest the Lord take from us our heritage. "For whosoever hath, to him shall be given, and he shall have more abundance; but whosoever hath not, from him shall be taken away even that he hath." We are trying to enlist more men in the ministry, and to increase our missionary contributions, but are we seeking the best use of men and means already at our disposal?

The Tri-Synodical Board of Missions, only two years ago, sent a missionary Superintendent to Kansas, and the good he has done since, in the eyes of the Reformed Church in that State even in this short time is incalculable. Future generations, methinks, will rise up to call him blessed. Wherever a faithful, active, energetic missionary enters, his services will be appreciated, and a hearty response will, in most cases be called forth.

The Ohio Synod, during the past year, appointed a "General Missionary," whatever that may imply, but the title, at least, has the right ring about it.

Why could we not have a general missionary or evangelist, say in each district Synod, or for such a territory as one man can personally canvass?

Thus the scattered families and weak points could be looked after, and made, by-and-by, the nuclei of flourishing congregations, whilst new points could be established and built up, and such points as wisdom dictated should be abandoned could be brought by the missionary under the notice of the proper authorities.

The reflex influence upon the regular charges would be vastly beneficial, and, no doubt, young men, catching the spirit of these missionaries, would come forth in larger numbers to preach the Gospel of peace, whilst our contributions would be doubled and tripled in response to the appeals of live, active men who come directly from the field, and who could present its claims, not theoretically, but with their faces aglow with the sweat and enthusiasm of the actual field.

Moreover, the charges already constructed could probably be so arranged as to husband our forces to better advantage.

People receiving the occasional ministrations and the careful oversight of the missionary could be induced—nay, I think they gladly would—work on awhile in that way, if they had the assurance that, as soon as they could pay a reasonable amount toward his support, a regular pastor would be settled among them. According to the Constitution, "It is the duty of the officers appointed for the purpose by the congregation to obtain a sufficient provision for his (pastor's) support," and we might do well to follow the example of some denominations, who refuse to settle a regular pastor over a congregation until it can make up a certain proportion of the salary, the Missionary Board then supplying the deficiency. Under our present

system, we have no way of fostering weak points and raising them up to a solid basis, except as here and there some pastor takes it upon himself to do work of this kind; but how many points must be passed by and are lost to the Church for lack of regular officers to look them up!

The Virginia Classis has appointed a Missionary Committee of Three, and here and there the Tri-Synodical Board has a missionary Superintendent, but, instead of taking men for these places who have the duties of a regular pastorate to perform, take a man and put him to evangelistic work exclusively, and his labors will soon tell for the Church and for souls. If it can be done without conflicting with the missionary projects already on hand, let the Board of Missions, or some Classis or Synod, take the initiative, and the example, no doubt, will soon be imitated by others.

And for this work the best men of the Church are needed, nor is the work unworthy of their best efforts.

For the Harbor Mission a man of enlarged culture and experience, we are told, has been selected, and what wiser step in view of the importance of the work could well have been taken?

Let us now go on and secure men of approved caliber to carry the Gospel to the destitute throughout the land, and a glorious revival at home and abroad will follow, and our Church and missionary work will go forward with something of the prosperity that should characterize it. Rupert, Pa. A. P. HORN.

For the Messenger.

SHORT OF MINISTERS.

As the result of several causes, the present demands upon the working resources of the Reformed Church are greater than can be supplied. This state of things, however, is nothing new. The infant Church experienced a similar want, and the Church of the future is certain to fare no better in this particular until the necessity for evangelistic operations shall have ceased to exist.

What, then, is the proper thing to do? The crop is golden and waiting for the harvester. The lord of the harvest will be put to loss—one head will be damaged, another destroyed outright, unless a sufficiently numerous force be engaged to reap the field in its prime condition. The Lord came, in a sense, with the express purpose of gathering the great harvest of the world. Standing in view of the field, and beholding its vast extent, He was constrained to exclaim: "The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few!" Here, then, the standing trouble confronted the Lord Himself at the outset. The work was immense and the working force insignificant. What is to be the remedy, if remedy indeed be possible? Certainly, it must be assumed that the Lord's treatment of the problem was wise and proper. And, moreover, the Church may safely follow His example, and must by no means undertake to improve on His method. Besides, it must be granted that the Head of the Church was as anxious to cut the harvest promptly as His representatives in any age can possibly be.

In view of the great urgency He must have felt, it is significant that, directly after viewing the greatness of the harvest, He sent just twelve persons into the field to do preliminary work. Why not twelve times twelve? It could hardly be supposed that fidelity to a typical idea could have warranted the selection of so small a company of reapers, to the prejudice of the Lord's mission. Is it not reasonable to believe, rather, that His motive in the choice of so disproportionately small a number of Apostles was their thorough qualification for effective work? This they could acquire only under His personal instruction and in His company. The fact that the Apostles could be trained and fitted for their subsequent calling only in a sort of peripatetic school, following their Master about in His journeys wherever His "Father's business" called Him, of itself would limit their number. A multitude could not conveniently nor profitably follow their teacher from "Dan to Beersheba" for three years.

Whilst, then, the Lord had other disciples, who might have been indifferently qualified for the work of the ministry (the "seventy," for example), He sent only those under the great commission among the world's waving grain with sickles in their hands whom He had been able to make efficient reapers by personal attention and steady companionship. There were but eleven, with one other commissioned directly from heaven. And this, although the need of many workmen was so great!

What, now, does all this teach the Reformed Church, and any Church? The example is certainly illustrious, and besides, it is, in effect, mandatory. The treatment of the case is clearly infallible. The truth is that this bit of Apostolic Church history illustrates most plainly the immensely important fact that the harvest of the souls of men must be entrusted only to skilled reapers—the world's evangelization to a thoroughly well qualified ministry, and that the evident disproportion between the few laborers and the plenteous harvest does not warrant a resort to imperfectly qualified workmen.

Should the Reformed Church, then, in the present exigency, allow herself to have recourse to an abbreviated preparation for the ministry, her mistake would be equalled only by the temerity that could prompt her to reverse the method inaugurated by the Lord in person. A Mission house would be no remedy. Such an educational institution would have for its professed object, indeed, the abbreviation of the regular course of classical and theological study, which is the very thing that ought to be carefully prevented. Experience shows that the scope of College and Seminary curricula, running through four and three years respectively, cannot be diminished without prejudice to the working efficiency intended to be assured. As an institution of the sort under contemplation would lower the standard of preparation, and qualify students but indifferently for the work of the ministry, it would certainly disappoint its projectors, and fail, in the end, to bring the relief sought after. But, what is still worse, it would prove a positive hindrance in the way.

1. The graduates from the Mission house would not be capable of doing effective work. The gathering of the "grain" is what is wanted, and, manifestly, a harvester, unless highly skilled in his trade, will reap neither well nor speedily. And the harvest must not receive damage in the process of cutting. Besides, the modern missionary needs the qualifications of Paul rather than of the eleven. Every town is a miniature Athens, where the Gospel is assailed by its intellectual foes, and, unless the preacher be fully equipped, there is but small hope of his carrying off the honors.

2. The ministry would become too easy of access. In this respect we would approach the sects. The difficulty of a full, long course of preparation is one of the very effective safeguards of the sanctity of holy orders. There are those to whom the office of the ministry is desirable, not as a sphere in which to do self-sacrificing work for the Master and man, but rather as a berth for life.

The remedy, then, is not an increase of numbers at the expense of efficiency. That would result only in the aggravation of the evil sought to be abated. A few properly skilled reapers will do more real work in the field than a crowd of unqualified laborers. The precise reverse is wanted. The standard of qualification must be raised, to keep the ministry abreast of the intellectual progress of the world, which they are expected to evangelize.

In the present emergency we could apply a partial remedy by controlling our zeal judiciously—restricting it in one direction, and giving it more freedom in another. Let us apply the air-brake and reduce the velocity at which we are running the missionary train toward the extremities, and give beneficiary students \$250 support a year. They will then be able to complete the course with some heart left in it. And then, too, their hard

experience will not deter others from applying for assistance. H. K.

For The Messenger.

BY-LAWS

Of the Society for the Relief of Ministers and their Widows.

THE MESSENGER of April 30th of the present year contains a copy of the charter of the Society for the Relief of Ministers and their Widows of the Reformed Church in the United States. This charter was granted by the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania in 1810, agreeably to the laws of the Commonwealth, giving the Supreme Court power to do so. A few verbal errors and omissions, not materially destroying its meaning and import, are found in the charter as published in THE MESSENGER last April.

Reference is there had to the By-Laws, the substance of some of them being given. As probably not a half dozen of the members of the Society ever saw a copy of these By-Laws, they are here given in full for the information of all who may be interested in the Society. They are as follows:

Article 1. The officers of this Society shall consist of a President, a Vice-President, a Treasurer, a Secretary and two Assessors, to be elected by a majority of the members, at the yearly meeting of our Synod, citizens of this Commonwealth.

Article 2. It shall be the duty of the President personally to attend at every yearly meeting of the Society, and shall decide upon all matters of complaint or controversy, shall maintain order among the members, superintend the receipt of all contributions, and cause the proper entries to be made thereof in the Secretary's book, and in all dubious cases arising under the rules and By-Laws of the Society, the matter shall be stated by the President and decided by a majority of the members present.

Article 3. It shall be the duty of the Vice-President to preside in the absence of the President, and in cases of death or inability to perform the duties of his office.

Article 4. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to keep regular minutes of the proceedings of the meetings for the purpose herein contained, as also a book in which all the money received for the purpose aforesaid shall be regularly entered at the yearly public meeting of the Society, and produce the same at every subsequent meeting, to the President and Assessors.

Article 5. It shall be the duty of the Treasurer to receive all the monies collected from the Society, as well as donations, and keep a book in which the same shall be regularly entered, which book he shall produce to the President and Assessors at every subsequent meeting of the Society, and compare the same with the accounts of the Secretary at every subsequent public meeting. And the Treasurer shall place the capital that may come to his hands from time to time, belonging to this Society, out at interest, well secured, on real estate or bank stock, for which purpose the President, Secretary and Treasurer then in office shall at all times be a committee to be the joint judges of the validity of the security of the loans so made; their concurrence in opinion shall be deemed good. And for the true performance of the Treasurer in his duty, he shall give sufficient security to the President and Secretary, and their successors, for the use of the Society; he shall pay no money out of the treasury without an order from the President, countersigned by the Secretary, other than to the regular pensioners, widows of the clergy, recorded in the Secretary's minutes and contingent expenses for books and paper used by the Society, the whole not exceeding the amount of interest produced by the capital.

Article 6. It shall be the duty of the Assessors to attend at every annual meeting of the Society, and to assist in the due performance of all the business of the Society.

Article 7. Every person who desires to become a member of this Society shall, during his lifetime, pay or cause to be paid two pounds in specie every year into the hands of the Treasurer.

Article 8. The time and place of the payment of the said annual two pounds shall be at the yearly meeting of our Synod, and the absent members are obliged to pay at the next following meeting, with the interest of it.

Article 9. If a member becomes a widow by the death of his wife, and marries again, he shall be obligated to pay the year

in which he marries again instead of two pounds the sum of four pounds, which shall entitle his widow to the same benefits of others.

Article 10. If a member of this Society should be expelled our Synod, he may continue by paying the yearly sum of two pounds, and in case of marriage four pounds, to be a member of this Society, and his widow shall after his death receive the same as other widows.

Article 11. Whoever does not pay up his contributions for three years in succession shall forfeit his right, and his widow be excluded from the benefits of this Society.

Article 12. If a widow marries again she loses her share of benefits in this Society, unless she marries a member of the Society, or her husband becomes a member.

Article 13. As clergymen may desire to be members of this Society a long time after they were married, and so by paying the first two pounds become entitled to the same benefit as others who have contributed for many years, it shall be a rule that every such one before he can be accepted as a member of this Society shall pay two pounds with the interest for every year, that he was married since the existence of this association.

Article 14. Every one, who shall be examined and ordained by our Synod, shall make a present to this Society, the amount of which shall be optional with him.

Article 15. The share which a widow receives out of this fund annually shall never exceed twenty-five pounds; should it be the case that by the dividing of the interest, there was a surplus over and above the amount of twenty-five pounds to each, then the surplus shall be added to the capital, except in extraordinary cases, which shall be governed by the By-Laws.

Article 16. Every member shall give his consent to these rules, before he is accepted, by signing his name thereto.

Remarks.

By an Enabling Act of the Legislature of Pennsylvania, approved by the Governor of the State, February 28th, 1865, the operations and benefits of the Society were extended to ministers and their widows of the Reformed Church in all the States and Territories of the United States. Hence the officers of the Society, as mentioned in Article 1, are not limited to ministers, who are citizens of this Commonwealth or Pennsylvania.

The duties of the officers of the Society, as given in articles 2, 3, 4, 5, and 6 remain unchanged.

The initiation fee, instead of being two pounds (Pennsylvania Currency), but to be paid in specie, was changed in October 1819, to Five Dollars.

At the same time the annual fee was made Three Dollars in place of two pounds, and the payment of Sixty Dollars, in addition to the initiation fee, was fixed as the amount to be contributed to constitute a minister a Life Member.

Articles or Rules 10, 13, and 14 have been revoked or annulled, practically.

It will thus be seen, that the benefits of the Society embrace ministers of the Reformed Church, who are members of the Society, their widows, and in special cases the widows of ministers of the Church, who died without being members of the Society. The beneficiaries or annuitants of the Society, at this time, number all three of these classes.

Further statements regarding the Society and its funds will be given in a subsequent article to be furnished for the purpose.

W. M. D.,

President of the Society.

We find, in a contemporary, the following paragraph, which is worth preserving: "God still joins link to link in the gracious chain, as much as when the book of the unknown peddler arrested Richard Baxter. His 'Call to the Unconverted' reached John Bunyan; his 'Pilgrim's Progress' reached Philip Doddridge; his 'Rise and Progress' reached William Wilberforce; his 'Practical View' reached Leigh Richmond, and his 'Young Cottager,' 'African Servant,' and 'Dairyman's Daughter' went forth to bless the world. We see the detached links of the chain. With God the chain is entire. It is gold and reaches to heaven." It was "Law's Serious Call" that arrested Doctor Johnson.

The General Theological Library of Boston has now in its library 13,386 volumes and 24,500 pamphlets and newspapers. The number of members is 861, the receipts for the last year were \$3,188.72, and its property and assets amount to \$30,961.36. It has a reading-room as well as library, and the members can take the books to their homes, under certain regulations, both without and within the city. Though originating chiefly with Churchmen, and especially with Dr. Charles Burroughs and Bishop Eastburn, it is undenominational.

Family Reading.

THE MAISTER AND THE BAIRNS.

The Maister sat in a wee cot hoose,
Tae the Jordan's waters near,
And the fisher-folk crushe'd and crooded aroond,
The Maister's words tae hear.

An' e'en the bairns frae the near by streets
War mixen in wi' the thrang,
Laddies and lassies wi' wee bare feet,
Jinkin' the crowd amang.

An' aye o' the twal' at the Maister's side
Rase up an' cried aloud:
"Come, come, bairns, this is nae place for you,
Run awa' hame out the crood."

But the Maister said, as they turned awa',
"Let the wee bairns come tae Me,"
An' He gathered them roond Him whar He sat,
An' He liftit aye up on His knee

Ay, He gathered them roond Him whar He sat,
An' straitkit their curly hair,
An' He said tae the wonderin' fisher-folk,
That crooded aroond Him there:

"Sen' na the weans awa' frae Me,
But rather this lesson learn:
That nae'll win at heaven's gate
That is na pure as a bairn!"

An' He that wa na oor kith nor kin,
But a Prince of the far awa',
Gaithered the wee aunes in His arms,
An' blessed them aye an' a'.

Oh, Thou who watchest the ways o' men,
Keep oor feet in the heavenly way,
An' bring us all tae Thy hame aboon,
As pure as the bairns, for aye.

—Christian at Work.

AUNT SUSAN'S SUGGESTION TO A FRET-FUL WIFE.

"Hester!" exclaimed Aunt Susan, ceasing her rocking and knitting, and sitting upright. "Do you know what your husband will do when you are dead?"

"What do you mean?" was the startled reply.

"He will marry the sweetest tempered girl he can find."

"O Auntie—" Hester began.

"Don't interrupt me until I've finished," said Aunt Susan, leaning back and taking up her knitting. "She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are—in fact, I think not; but she will be good-natured. She may not even love him as well as you do; but she will be good-natured."

"Why, Auntie—"

"That isn't all," continued Aunt Susan. "Every day you are making your husband more and more in love with that good natured woman. She may not be as good a housekeeper as you are, but she will be good-natured. She may not even love him as well as you do; but she will be good-natured."

"O Auntie—"

"That isn't all," composedly continued Aunt Susan. "To-day your husband was half-way across the kitchen floor, bringing you the first ripe peaches, and all you did was to look on and say, 'There, Will, just see your tracks on my clean floor. I won't have my floors all tracked up!' Some men would have thrown the peaches out of the window. To-day you screwed up your face when he kissed you, because his mustache was damp, and said, 'I never want you to kiss me again.' When he empties anything you tell him not to spill it; when he lifts anything, you tell him not to break it. From morning until night your sharp voice is heard complaining and fault-finding. And last winter, when you were sick, you scolded him about his allowing the pump to freeze, and took no notice when he said: 'I was so anxious about you that I did not think of the pump.'"

"But, Auntie—"

"Hearken, child. The strangest and most intelligent of them all care more for a woman's tenderness than for anything else in the world; and without this the cleverest and most perfect housekeeper is sure to lose her husband's affection in time. There may be a few more men like Will—as gentle, as loving, as chivalrous, as forgetful of self, and so satisfied with loving that their affections will die a long, struggling death; but in most cases it takes but a few years of fretfulness and fault-finding to turn a husband's love into irritated indifference."

"But Auntie—"

"Yes! well, you are not dead yet, and that sweet-natured woman has not been found; so you have time to become so serene and sweet that your husband can never imagine that there is a better tempered woman in existence."—*Ex.*

"HELP ME ACROSS, PAPA."

There was anguish in the faces of those who bent over the little white bed, for they knew that Baby May was drifting away from them, going out alone into the dark voyage where so many have been wrested from loving hands; and as they tried in vain to keep her, or even to smooth with their kind solicitude her last brief sorrows, they, too, experienced in the bitter hour of parting the pangs of death. They only hoped that she did not suffer now. The rings of golden hair lay damp and unstrutted on the white forehead; the roses were turned to lilies on her cheeks; the lovely violet eyes saw them not, but were upturned and fixed; the breath on the pale lips came and went, fluttered and seemed loth to leave its sweet prison. Oh,

the awful, cruel strength of death, the weakness, the helplessness of love! Those who loved her better than life could not lift a hand to avert the destroyer; they could only watch and wait until the end should come. Her merry, ringing laugh would never again gladden their hearts; her little feet would make no more music as they ran pattering to meet them. Baby May was dying, and all the house was darkened and hushed.

Then it was, as the shadows fell in denser waves about us, that she stirred ever so faintly, and our hearts gave a great bound as we thought: "She is better! She will live." Yes, she knew us; her eyes moved from one face to the other, with a dim, uncertain gaze! Oh, how good God was to give her back! How we could praise and bless Him all our lives! She lifted one dainty hand—cold, almost pulseless, but better, better—we would have it so—and laid it on the rough, browned hand of the rugged man who sat nearest to her. His eyelids were red with weeping, but now a smile lighted all his bronzed face like a rainbow, as he felt the gentle pressure of his little daughter's hand—the mute, imploring touch that meant a question.

"What is it, darling?" he asked, in broken tones of joy and thanksgiving. She could not speak, and so we raised her on the pretty lace pillow, and her wee white face shone in the twilight like a fair star or a sweet woodland flower.

She lifted her heavy eyes to his—eyes that even then had the glory and the promise of immortality in them, and, reaching out her little wasted arms, said, in her weary, flute-like voice:

"Help me across, papa!"

Then she was gone! We held to our breaking hearts the frail, beautiful shell, but she was far away, whither we dare not follow. She had crossed the dark river, and not alone.

"Over the river the boatman pale
Carried another—the household pet.
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;
We felt it glide from the silver sands,
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark."

O! infinite Father, when we weary and disappointed ones reach our pleading hands to Thee, wilt Thou take us even as the little child, and help us across over the mountains of defeat and the valleys of humiliation into the eternal rest of Thy presence, into the green pastures and beside the still waters, into the city of the New Jerusalem, whose Builder and Maker is God?—*Presbyterian.*

WELL BROUGHT UP CHILDREN.

There is sometimes a family in which the father and mother know how to enjoy life sensibly in its hours of play or rest, and around them grow up boys and girls to make their own lives happy and useful. From childhood they have known that life is surrounded by thousands of wonders, whether of man's making, or of God's creation. Nature and art alike furnish them with sources of knowledge and pleasure. You don't see those children dawdling around hotel drawing-rooms when the family are travelling. The boys go fishing, and the girls go hunting flowers, or both may go together and share the other's enjoyment.

I met two of such a family the other day in the pine woods, a mile from the hotel. I did not know them, nor they me. I was digging up the bulb of a plant, and as it came out of the ground I heard an exclamation "It is bulbous, after all, Tom." Then I saw a bright and pleasant countenance of a seventeen year old girl, who had come near. She had the same curiosity about the flower which I had. Then for awhile she and her brother Tom rambled along with me. They were out for a walk. That to them meant keen enjoyment of pretty much all they saw. Trees, flowers, animals, the very skies and clouds were more or less subjects of intelligent observation to them. She caught half a dozen lizards as we walked along, handled them gently, examined them carefully, and let them go unharmed. He talked of the fishing. He had seen me going or coming in. He knew all about the fishing in his own part of the country, and a great deal about the habits of the fish. The two, brother and sister, discussed one with another, the flowers and animals. Clearly they had been brought up from childhood to take a keen interest in the ordinary environments of country life. And I was not surprised, when she caught sight of an engraved gem in my ring, to find that at seventeen she, and at fifteen he, knew enough about art to talk intelligently and without blunders.

We had a very pleasant chat as we strolled hither and thither in the old pine woods; and they two were very happy children. I doubt not they confer a great deal of happiness and do a great deal of good in the circle in which they live. We met in the woods, and they left me in the woods, and I did not see them again.—*Dr. W. C. Prime, in New York Journal of Commerce.*

FRANKNESS AND HARSHNESS.

How often a bitter speech, which has caused keen pain to the hearer, has been followed by such words as these, as if in justification for the unkindness shown; "I'm a plain, blunt person, and I have to speak out just what I think. People must take me as the Lord made me." Any thing meaner than such an attempt to throw the responsibility for one's ugliness of temper off upon the Lord it would be

hard to imagine. Frankness of speech is one thing, but harshness is a very different thing. The Lord never endowed any man with such a disposition, or put him in such circumstances that he was obliged to make stinging, cruel remarks. Some men have more difficulty than others in being sweet-tempered and kindly spoken, but when one fails it is his own fault. The very attempt to justify harshness in such words as we have quoted is evidence of an uncomfortable consciousness of guilt, and proves that the speaker does not believe what he says. Let the repulsiveness of such utterances, when we hear them, teach us how they seem to others when we make them.—*Congregationalist.*

CHILDREN HARD OF HEARING.

Some suggestions were recently made by Dr. Samuel Sexton of New York with regard to the proper treatment of partly deaf and dumb children in the public schools. These children, he said, are often set down as stupid or even idiotic, and fail to get the attention they ought to receive, when the only trouble with them is that they cannot hear distinctly. Whenever a child seems a little slow in learning, Dr. Sexton thinks special pains should be taken to ascertain whether it is the mind or the hearing only that is at fault. If they are simply "hard of hearing," they should have seats near the teacher, or perhaps if very deaf, have special teachers, on the same principle as extra teachers are provided to give instruction in the modern languages. Even deaf mutes, in Dr. Sexton's opinion, could be cared for as well, and much more cheaply in the public schools, than in the costly institutions supported by the State. He has urged his views upon the New York Board of Education, but thus far without success, although the system suggested is in successful operation in the day-schools of Boston, Chicago, and Pittsburg.—*Ex.*

WHY DO WE SING IN CHURCH?

If you ask me wherefore song was made a part of worship, the answer must be: Because music is the fit language of a service of love. No man sings when he is angry. The notes of accordant voices speak of amity and fellowship. As music is said to consist of the harmony of sweet sounds, and as sounds without harmony become mere noise, so the strains of the psalm or hymn are at once the type and sign of the communion of saints. Where they are heard we know that souls are met who are without variance. They are the signal of the presence of the peace of Christ and of God. And as the chords of human hearts should thrill together in glad union when they come before God, whenever they find expression in such singing evil passions. We cannot hate each other when we sing together. The fable of Orpheus charming the beasts with his lyre represents a reality, and the Christians of the Catacombs were right when they chose Orpheus as an emblem of Christ, and carved him over their tombs.

Among all the numberless things men can do with their varied faculties, song is asked of them, to be offered before God, that they may stand before His mercy-seat in unity, and turn from His presence better prepared to live in charity and peace.—*N. Y. Evangelist.*

I'LL SING UPON THE WAY.

Far distant from my Father's house
I would no longer stay;
But gird my soul and hasten on,
And sing upon the way!

The skies are dark, the thunders roll,
And lightnings round me play;
Let me but feel my Saviour near,
I'll sing upon the way!

The night is long and drear; I cry:
"O, when will come the day?"
I see the morning star arise,
And sing upon the way!

When care and sickness bow my frame,
And all my powers decay,
I'll ask Him for His promised grace,
And sing upon the way!

He'll not forsake me when I'm old,
And weak, and blind, and gray;
I'll lean upon His faithfulness,
And sing upon the way!

When angels bear me home to heaven,
Disrobed of mortal clay,
I'll enter in the pearly gates,
And sing upon the way!

—Thomas Mackellar.

A beautiful death was that of an old man in Pennsylvania, who entered into everlasting rest a few weeks ago, in the ninety-second year of his age. He had been a Christian from his youth. In his last years he became as a child again, and the prayer his mother had taught him almost a century ago became his favorite. When the shadows of death gathered over him, the old pilgrim clasped his wife's hand, saying, "Mother," and began repeating his little childhood prayer: "Now I lay me down to sleep, and soon he closed his eyes and fell asleep in Jesus. "So He giveth His beloved sleep," and so in the evening of life the ministering angels of childhood wait upon the ransomed spirit.—*Exchange.*

There are men who cannot know of a need in all the world without its taking the shape of a personal appeal to them.

Youth's Department.

THE COAST-GUARD.

By Emily Huntington Miller.

Do you wonder what I am seeing
In the heart of the fire, aglow
Like cliffs in a golden sunset,
With a Summer sea below?
I see, away to the eastward,
The line of a storm-beat coast,
And I hear the tread of the hurrying waves
Like the tramp of a mailed host.

And up and down in the darkness,
And over the frozen sand,
I hear the men of the coast-guard
Pacing along the strand;
Beaten by storm and tempest,
And drenched by the pelting rain,
From the shores of Carolina
To the wind-swept bays of Maine.

No matter what storms are raging,
No matter how wild the night,
The gleam of their swinging lanterns
Shines out with a friendly light.
And many a shipwrecked sailor
Thanks God, with his gasping breath,
For the sturdy arms of the surfmen
That drew him away from death.

And so, when the wind is wailing,
And the air grows dim with sleet,
I think of the fearless watchers
Pacing along their beat.
I think of a wreck, fast breaking
In the surf of a rocky shore,
And the life-boat leaping onward
To the stroke of the bending oar.

I hear the shouts of the sailors,
The boom of the frozen sail,
And the creak of the icy halyards
Straining against the gale.
"Courage!" the captain trumpets,
"They are sending help from land!"
God bless the men of the coast-guard,
And hold their lives in His hand!

—St. Nicholas.

IN THE WHEAT-FIELD.

By E. B. S.

"Come on Jack! I know a place to hide where they'll never think of 'seeking'!"

"Where is it? Hurry up! They'll be after us in another minute!"

"Right over there in the wheat field. You hide in one place, and I in another. The wheat is so tall they'll never see us, and they might as well seek for a needle in a haystack!"

"But we can't do it, Perry Wilmot! Your uncle said we mustn't play in the grain-fields; don't you know that?"

"Play in them! Of course not! Who'd be so stupid as to run races amongst the wheat? But we can't hurt it, just cuddling in near the edge. Come on!"

"No, we mustn't do it, I say. I'll hide here," and Jack darted aside to a clump of bushes.

Perry paused an instant; but hearing the distant "whoop" of his playmates, he sprang over the fence, and was soon out of sight, sure enough.

Jack's hiding-place proved an excellent one, for the seekers had a long hunt before they spied him. Then they kept on looking for Perry until they grew discouraged.

"Perry, hallo!" they shouted at last. "We'll give it up! Where are you?"

"Per-ry! we're all going to the house; the colonel has come! Per-ry!"

"He must have gone to the barn, though we all said it should be 'no fair,'" said Phoebe. "We have hunted everywhere else, I'm sure!"

"I don't believe he did," said her brother Jack. "We were here together just before you whooped. He couldn't have got to the barn without your seeing him."

He did not mention Perry's proposed hiding-place, thinking to himself, "He surely would not have hid there, after all!" But he turned that way, shouting still more loudly.

"If he were there he must hear me. Where can the fellow be?" and Jack, too, gave it up, and ran towards the house.

Perry heard him plainly enough. If Jack could have seen around the corner a little further he would have understood his companion's dilemma; for Mr. Wilmot, Perry's uncle, had come up with a neighbor, and the two were leaning on the fence, in the shade of the big maple tree, discussing the wheat crop.

They were very near Perry's hiding-place. He could not stir without being noticed. And the children were calling him to see Colonel Hayden. If he should miss him, it would be just too mean for anything! So thought Perry. And then he muttered to himself, "they've stood here long enough to reap the field now, pretty near. Why can't they go along?"

But the farmers, worthy men! had been hard at work since four o'clock that morning, and felt like taking it leisurely, now

that the sun was in the West. They discussed the value of the field as it stood; what day would be best to begin harvesting; the different kinds of reaping machines; and then, oh, dismay! they fell into politics, at the first sound of which poor Perry's hopes fell, and his heart sank; for, as he said, "They never knew when to stop if they began on that."

Why was the lad so unwilling to show himself? Simply because he knew very well that he had no business to be where he was. His uncle made few rules, but those few, as Perry well understood, he expected should be observed. So he remained crouching down in an uncomfortable position, and wishing—ah! how easy it is to wish after one has done a wrong thing; is it not?

Presently the quick trot of a horse was heard coming round from the farm-house. Yes, it was Colonel Hayden going away. Mr. Wilmot turned to greet him.

"Why, colonel! Been to our house? I wish I'd known you were there!"

"They all thought you were down at 'The Pitch,'" (Wish he had been!) thought Perry, "and I would not have you sent for, because I could stay only a few moments," said the colonel.

"I wanted to find that bright-eyed nephew of yours to-day," he added. "My sister's boys are at our house, and I promised them to bring him home with me. He is off somewhere. I'm sorry."

Perry was too; his eyes filled with tears, and he could hardly keep from springing out and calling to his friend. To lose such a treat! Too bad! Too bad!

"Off somewhere," is he?" said Mr. Wilmot. "I shall have to see to it if he is off so much. Playmates enough at the old place now, I should say, to satisfy any youngster."

The colonel, after a few more words, drove off. At least he had broken up the conversation on politics, and the uncle and the neighbor sauntered away, leaving Perry free to make his escape.

From keeping his awkward position so long his feet were cramped, and in rising he fell over full length, among the wheat, "Whew! what next?" quoth poor Perry, ruefully, "whoever would have thought I was so long as that! I hope Dixon will cut over this part before uncle sees it to-morrow; that I do!"

Perry was an orphan, and his uncle's house had been his home for about a year. The children with whom he had been playing were boarders at the farm; well behaved and happy young people, who had made the summer pass very pleasantly to Perry so far. He had but few young acquaintances, usually, and one of his greatest pleasures had been an occasional visit at Colonel Hayden's, who was an old friend of his parents, and who owned a delightful place a few miles from the farm.

Jack and Phoebe, and two other of the young boarders, were on the piazza when Perry came slowly towards the house, and greeted him with a shout, and a torrent of questions, to which he gave brief answers.

"Nice fellow you are to play with?" declared Philip Reed, as Perry pushed through the group.

"Don't tease him, Phil," said Jack in a low tone; "don't you see he feels badly about losing his visit with Colonel Hayden? He thinks everything of the Colonel, I know."

"Come on, boys! Phoebe quick!" called Jack, after breakfast the next morning. "They've begun reaping the big wheat field, come and see the fun!"

He was at once followed by the whole troop, except Perry, who said he "had seen fields reaped often enough; had something else to do!"

The reapers had passed along one side of the field, when the children came upon the scene, and in so doing had exposed Perry's hiding-place. A crowd of hungry sparrows had been busy there, finding some of the wheat laid low conveniently for them, and some of them flew back to their feast as soon as the men had passed.

"Oh, Mr. Wilmot!" called little Harry Reed, "come see how dese naughty birdies have broken down your wheats!"

"Humph!" said Farmer Wilmot, as he came along to the spot. "Some bigger naughty bird, helped them about that, I reckon. Who's been playing in among my 'wheats,' eh, Harry?"

"Oh, we didn't, Mr. Wilmot," answered Harry earnestly. "We didn't ever go over the fence; did we Phil?"

But just at that moment Perry came up, having been sent, much against his will, with a message from the house to his uncle. Mr. Wilmot took the note from him, and at the same time his sharp eyes took in the downcast, blushing face of the bearer.

"Hold here a moment," said he. "What

were you children about when you lost Perry yesterday?"

"Playing hide-and-seek," answered the chorus.

"And Perry hid in the wheat, eh? A bungling business he made of it! And, ha! ha! ha! and I was talking with Jones over the fence, and kept him prisoner! And he hasn't come out to go with the colonel is that about it, my boy?"

The other children were silent from sympathy, as poor Perry sobbed out: "Yes, sir."

"Well, lad, that was the time you were 'caught in your own trap,' as the saying is. I think you were pretty severely punished for your disobedience, so we'll say no more about it this time. Another time, young man, you'll do well to mind my rules!"

"Pretty hard on Perry, you think, eh, Philip?" said Mr. Wilmot, when Perry had gone back with his message.

Philip assented, and he went on:

"But no one was to blame, you see, but himself. We are all sorry for him; but I tell you, young folks, it is good for us to find out sometimes that 'the way of the transgressor is hard.'"

"I think the Lord lets what we call little sins bring big troubles after them very often, on purpose to teach us a good lesson. So we can learn a lesson from poor Perry's trouble; eh, boys and girls?"—*Churchman.*

A CROOKED DAY.

"Mother, what has been the matter with the day? It has been the longest day of my life, and such a very crooked one."

"It is very easy for me to see where the fault lies. Can you not see it also?"

"I know, dear mother, that I was very naughty to read the book," Abby answered gently.

"But what did you omit to do to-day?" Abby said, "What do you mean, mother? I know everything has gone wrong."

"My darling, did you ask your heavenly Father to forgive your disobedience to me? Did you ask His loving care over you to-day? Did you ask to be helped through the day?"

Abby hung her head, and confessed that she was in such a hurry to get to breakfast that she forgot the prayer.

"Ah, little girl, there's many a good folk who love God, have to ask for help all the time, that we may be shown how to take each step as well as how to live each moment. And I know you do not forget how the dear Saviour listens to the prayers of the little children when they call upon Him."

Abby has lived a good many years since she had that talk with her mother; and as she does not forget her morning prayer, she no longer wonders that she has so few crooked days.—*Selected.*

NOT ABOVE WORK.

"Never be ashamed of your business," is a wholesome proverb. If one has an honest business he need not feel ashamed of it. Some young persons act as if they thought many kinds of honest toil menial and degrading. But they are wrong.

"Man bath his daily work of body and mind Appointed, which declares his dignity."

When the service is for the good of man or the glory of God, and is performed in the right spirit, it must ever be ennobling. It is the work we do in an unwilling, slavish spirit that degrades us. Toil is manly, even if it be that of a boot-black. "If I were a boot-black," said a noble Christian man, "I would strive to be the best boot-black in the world." The lad who determines to do his best everywhere, in every place, however lowly, where honest work is needed, will soonest rise to honor.

"If little labor, little are our gains; Man's fortunes are according to his pains."

Not long since a young man was asked to carry a small package of written paper to his sick relative, but he turned up his nose with the answer, "No you don't—now; send it by an expressman."

One evening, near the hour for closing a store in Philadelphia, a bundle of prints was ordered in haste by a house not more than a block distant. The carts and porters had gone. The merchant requested one of his young men to deliver the bundle, but as he did so he perceived a look of disgust in the clerk's face, and without saying another word he turned to his desk, put on his hat, picked up the bundle, and walked off to deliver it himself, leaving his proud clerk dumb with mortification as well as with fear of losing a good position.

There are some city bred boys who act

as if they were "above carrying a market-basket home." Even when mother is bearing a heavy load for their sakes, they think it "degrading" to be seen doing such service. They soon get too big to wait on themselves. They grow up to be of less use in the world than butterflies. The following story of one of the greatest men in America is worth impressing upon each generation of youth:

Chief Justice Marshall was a great and good man. Good men are not proud men, for pride is an indication of a little mind. Chief Justice Marshall was not too proud to wait upon himself. He was in the habit of going to market himself, and carrying home his purchases.

Often might he be seen returning at sunrise with poultry in one hand and vegetables in the other in the most homely fashion.

On one of these occasions a fashionable young man was swearing violently because he could find no one to carry home his game. Judge Marshall stepped up, gently rebuked him, and asked him where he lived.

When he heard the reply he said, "That is in my way, and I will take your game home for you."

When they came to the house, the young man inquired: "What shall I pay you?"

"Oh, nothing," said the judge. "You are welcome; it was all in the way, and it was no trouble to me."

"Who is that polite old gentleman who brought home my game for me?" asked the young man of a bystander.

"Oh," said he, "that was Judge Marshall, Chief-Justice of the United States."

"Why did he bring home my game?"

"He did it," said the bystander, "I suppose, by way of teaching you not to be above attending to your own business!"—*Truth in Life.*

WHAT THEY WEAR.

By Sidney Dayre.

What does the wee, wee baby wear?
Curls and rings in his silky hair,
Smiles and dimples and roses rare,
Sweeter than garden flowers fair;
Ruffles and ruffles and ruffles white,
Coral necklace and ribbon bright.

What does dear little Jessie wear?
Over her eyes of pansy blue,
Looking, questioning out at you;
A Mother Hubbard from top to toe;
The bonniest lassie of all you know.

What does pretty Miss Mable wear?
Plenty of fluff, crinkly hair,
Banged and frizzled and crimped and curled,
With all the skill in all the world;
Plaits and ribbons and puffs and lace,
And carries a fan with dainty grace.

What does Archibald Alfred wear?
Bless me! bless me! Look at the hair
Over his lip just peeping through!
(Do you believe he is proud? I do.)
He's talking now of a watch and chain,
And thinks he ought to carry a cane.

What does the darling mother wear?
Smoothest bands of her dark brown hair,
Smiles of loveliest, kindly light,
Beaming cheery from morn till night;
Sweeping folds in her velvet gown;
A queen, as any who wears a crown.

What does dear old grandmother wear?
Wavy threads of silvery hair
Folded under the drooping lace,
Shading softly her gentle face;
Eyes which are looking far away.
Where! Let only the angels say.

—Independent.

HOW THE CZAR LIVES.

The habits and surroundings of persons in the high places of the earth are always interesting to the rest of mankind. We are apt to think of sovereigns as living in great luxury, show and splendor. But sometimes a glimpse into the royal palaces proves to us that there is often simplicity of living, a routine of regular labor and quiet tastes among their royal occupants. A notable example of this is the aged emperor of Germany, who rises at dawn, works hard through the morning, and retires at night to sleep on an army cot.

The favorite residence of the Czar Alexander III. of Russia is not the famous Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, but the less well-known castle of Gatchina, about thirty miles distant from the capital. It is at Gatchina that he spends the greater part of the time. This imperial residence is supplied with every precaution for the Czar's safety. He is so constantly threatened by the Nihilists that all care is taken to prevent strangers or suspicious persons from getting access to him. The rooms which he occupies are isolated from all the rest in the building, and are only to be approached by narrow passages, which are constantly guarded by heavy-armed Cos-

sacks. The sitting-room, which Alexander occupies through the morning hours, is coisly but plainly furnished—no more gorgeous than the sitting-room of any well-to-do gentlemen. A large writing-table, in the centre of the room, is filled with papers, and bears evidence that the Czar has a great deal of work to do each day.

Alexander, like his great-uncle, the German emperor, is a very early riser, and by nine o'clock has finished breakfast and is ready for business. Through the morning he is occupied in examining and signing papers, receiving his ministers, from whom he has a daily report on the affairs of their departments, and giving audiences to deputations from various parts of his empire. Sometimes these deputations are fierce Turcomans from Central Asia, sometimes long-haired denizens of the Caucasus, sometimes cultivated Polish nobles from Warsaw. The Czar receives one and all with a proud dignity, which is tempered by a certain kindness of bearing toward those whom he is receiving.

Promptly on the stroke of one the Czar sits down to luncheon with his wife and the little family of children, to whom he is ardently attached. To this meal no others are admitted, except, on rare occasions, a near relative or an intimate friend. The afternoon is spent in walks in the castle grounds, or in drives in the country round about; on which occasions the imperial family is always attended by a strong escort of Cossacks. In the evening the family circle of this great potentate enjoys just such simple recreations as do thousands of humble folk among his subjects. Very often there is music, of which both the Czar and Czarina are alike very fond. At one time, when Alexander was heir to the throne, he learned to play on the trombone—a fitting instrument for a prince so haughty and imperious. He joined the orchestra of the palace, but played so much louder than the rest that his father put a stop to his performances.

The Czar keeps good hours, usually retiring to his remote and carefully-guarded bed-chamber by ten o'clock or a little later. Before eleven complete silence reigns throughout the vast castle. The life of the Czar is thus simple, regular and by professors and tutors at home, and are strictly trained in mind, morals and manners. So it is that, in his private life at least, this despotic ruler sets as good an example to his millions of subjects as does Queen Victoria to the English people.—*Youth's Companion.*

Pleasantries.

A little girl living near one of the cities, ran into her mother from the roadside with some early Spring blossoms in her hands, and full of the outside glow, exclaimed "O, mamma, how nice it is to live where somebody doesn't own everything!"

Let the modern New Yorker try to sing "Home, Sweet Home," like the following:

Flat, flat-a, sweet, sweet flat,
Be it only fo-u-r s-to-ries, there's no place like that.

A French lady, on her arrival in this country, would eat only such dishes as she was acquainted with, and being on one occasion pressed to partake of a dish new to her, she politely replied, "No, I thank you; I eat only my acquaintances."

First cabman: "What did you charge that stranger for driving him around the corner to the hotel?" Second cabman: "I charged \$4.97." First cabman: "\$4.97! That is a queer figure! Why didn't you make it an even \$5.00?" Second cabman: "Because \$4.97 was all he had."

Sydney Smith once on entering a drawing-room in a fashionable mansion in the West End of London, found it lined with mirrors on all sides. Finding himself reflected in every direction, he said that he supposed he was at a meeting of the clergy, and there seemed to be a very respectable attendance.

A good story is told of a lady in Australia of exemplary life and much religious conviction who left her church and went to the Salvation Army. Her minister was perplexed at her desertion, and called upon her for an explanation. No; she got no new gain in doctrine or in practice from her new religious surroundings. She had no spiritual consolations she had not previously enjoyed. How then was she happier by the change? The old lady burst into an ecstasy of happy recollection as she exclaimed, "O, sir, the big drum is such a comfort to me."

THE MESSENGER.

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WEDNESDAY AUGUST 13, 1884.

A SUBJECT FOR THOUGHT.

According to our exchanges thirty-four thousand souls have been won to Christ during the late meetings led by Mr. Moody in London. If this estimate, which attributes the "conversion" of so many to the preaching of one man, be correct, every one ought to rejoice in the fact that he has done so much good. It is false to suppose that the regular ministers of the Church of Christ have any feeling of jealousy because of his reputed success. They would be glad to see the whole world brought to the foot of the cross in penitence of faith.

But a grave question presents itself: Why this disparity between the fruitfulness of Mr. Moody's work and their own? They put this inquiry with an earnest desire to know their own deficiencies, if there be any.

Let us cite a few figures to make this matter all the more palpable. The Presbyterian Church North, in this country, reports 5,336 ministers for the year 1884. Its additions upon Examination or profession of faith have been 34,938. Why is it that these 5,336 ministers in the United States should have done but little more to bring men to Christ than the one New England Evangelist in London? Some have attempted to explain this by saying that the poor of London had long been neglected by the churches, and that the peculiar method of Mr. Moody in reaching the masses was different from that of the Episcopalians and Presbyterians of England.

Let that rest for a moment until we take another set of figures. At the last session of the Methodist General Conference in this city it was reported that there were in that body 11,349 travelling and 12,026 local preachers. The increase of membership was 69,232 for the last four years, or about 17,308 per year. It appears then that Mr. Moody's work "won" nearly twice as many to Christ during a given time in one great English city as the 23,375 ministers of the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church. And yet the Methodist Church is by common consent the Church that reaches the masses, and depends largely upon the revival system for its increase of members.

We give the foregoing statements that they may challenge attention. Are these things so, and, if so, why so? Do they impugn the piety, wisdom and zeal of God's servants throughout the vineyard, and should they call for a reconstruction of the methods which the Church has employed for centuries? We think not. We rather suppose that this phenomenal success, if genuine, must be explained on some other hypothesis.

GRAVEYARDS.

At the semi-centennial of the Sunday-school at Boehm's church two weeks ago, a speaker, who was called upon to take the place of an absentee, had not been connected with the congregation or school in any way, and yet he had frequently performed official duties at the church. As pastor of a neighboring congregation he had buried many in the old graveyard, and this would have given him a theme, if time had allowed him to dwell upon it. The thought that impressed him was that those who may move away from a locality are yet bound to it by the fact that their friends are buried there; and wherever they may go there is a natural desire to be brought back for sepulture with their fathers.

We think that many who read these lines will call to mind instances in which this feeling has prevailed, and they will, perhaps, recognize in it a general tendency of our humanity.

What gave especial interest to the late semi-centennial celebration of the Sunday-school at Boehm's was the underlying history of the church, which is nearly a hundred years older. Of course, the "God's Acre," on which building has

succeeded building and where more than four generations lie buried, has peculiar interest. There, beneath an arch under one of the windows, are the remains of John Philip Boehm, who founded the church, and near by are the remains of many of his contemporaries, as well as those who have died from that time to this.

A study of the case will help to convince one that a church building in which regular service is kept up is the best guarantee for the preservation of a graveyard. Family burial grounds are not apt to be cared for when strangers come to possess the land in which they are placed, and when churches are abandoned, the grounds around them, although hallowed by the dust of dear ones, are apt to be neglected. Many a spot upon which great care and expense were once bestowed bears testimony to this fact. Walls and monuments that were expected to last a long while have crumbled, and weeds and briars make everything look sad and desolate.

The necessities of men, in the midst of growing populations, have forced them to establish public cemeteries apart from churches; and that is, perhaps, the best thing they can do, but there is not always in them a guarantee for permanence. They are yet young in this country, and, although often guarded by charters, they may not stand as long as old churchyards.

WHOLESOME RELIGION.

Even religion may become unwholesome. It is a great inconsistency and contradiction that this should be the case; for real religion is as wholesome as mountain air. Nevertheless, many most excellent things may become vitiated; and it is certain that there exists in the world a large amount of morbid and unwholesome religion. This effect may be produced by many causes. We mention two.

Religion may become morbid from too much looking to self. Self-examination is an undoubted and most necessary Christian duty. It may, however, be performed in such a way as to make the very power which is designed to deliver us from the dominion of self minister to the growth of a peculiar and subtle power of selfishness. When a religious person is constantly dwelling upon his own states of feeling and frames of mind, it cannot well be otherwise than that his religion should have in it some taint of selfishness, and should thus become in a measure unsound and unwholesome. There are many pitiable instances of this both in the lives of living Christians, and in the published religious journals of Christians now in a better world. Wholesome religion looks outward and away from self. It is a great out-standing, scriptural injunction, to look away to Christ. When the writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews says, "Looking unto Jesus," it is an expressive word which he uses. The Greek participle means "looking from," or "looking away." It is as if the sacred writer were enjoining upon us this very duty of looking away from ourselves unto Him whom we are to follow. Christ was lifted up upon the cross, that all men might look unto Him; and all wholesome and healing influences go along with that look. We look at ourselves, it is true; but only that we may know how poor, and weak and sinful we are. For health and strength and courage and hope, we look to Him. There are different kinds of looking. There is a difference between glancing and gazing. At ourselves we are to glance; on Christ we are to gaze. And it is a most pernicious perversion when we invert this order and cast the glance at Christ while we fix the steadfast gaze upon ourselves. "Looking away unto Jesus" would be a good motto for such as are too much addicted to dwelling upon self.

It is never well to be thinking much of self. Almost anything is good which tends to break up this habit. There are those who by their circumstances are obliged to be so constantly thinking of others, watching over them, caring for them, waiting on them, that they actually have no time to think of themselves. Their situation is not the hard one it seems. Theirs if they only knew it, is the happier lot and the more blessed life.

Religion is unwholesome again whenever it has not become thoroughly naturalized so to speak, in a man's life. One's religion is often something more or less external and apart. There has been no real incorporation or assimilation between the two. No genuine coalescence or identification has taken place between the religion and the life. There are departments of the life in which the presence and

power of religion are not felt when perfectly at home, but are more or less alien or unreal. Now, religion is for the man's entire life. It is to leaven the whole of him. It is to assimilate to itself all his thoughts, desires, occupations, pleasures. It is to go through a man as a flavoring essence goes through the substance which it flavors; so that, whenever you get a taste of the man, you catch the flavor of the religion in him. When religion is perfectly wholesome, it is perfectly at home in a man, and even his sayings and doings which are not directly connected with religion at all, will manifest the presence and the power of a religious spirit. To have to do with religion, to act religiously and to produce a religious impression, one need not be always speaking of religion. It has been truly said that it is a higher task for the Christian to speak of worldly subjects in a religious spirit than to speak directly of religious subjects.

Let your religion be wholesome. Beware of too much introspection. Throw open the doors that the presence and power of your religion may pass into every department of your everyday and secular life.

J. S. K.

DEATH OF MRS. DEATRICK.

It will be seen from a notice in our obituary columns that Mrs. Harriet P. Deatruck (nee Sohn) died in Mercersburg, Pa., on Sunday evening, the 3d inst., after a lingering illness, in the sixty-sixth year of her age. She was the wife of Rev. William M. Deatruck and the mother of Revs. Wilberforce and E. Ranson Deatruck, who have the sympathy of the Church in their bereavement. Mrs. Deatruck was faithful and efficient in all the relations of life, and has doubtless entered upon the rest that remaineth for the people of God.

LIFE OF ZWINGLI.

Mr. Daniel Miller of 123 North Sixth street, Reading, Pa., has issued a new *Life of Zwingli* by Rev. Jean Grob. The former work of this author met with great favor, but the editions have been exhausted, and now this enlarged and improved volume is given to the public. It is especially recommended to all who are interested in the life of the great Reformer. It contains 284 pages of solid matter. Price \$1.00 per copy.

PROPOSED CENTENNIAL CELEBRATION.

The One Hundredth anniversary of the erection of Franklin County, Pa., will be celebrated with appropriate ceremonies on the 7th, 8th and 9th of September; and the people are showing great zeal in preparing for the event. Much valuable history will be given and the display will doubtless be worthy of the occasion. It will be a great time for the re-union of old friends. The citizens have our best wishes for their success. The history of all our publication interests has been identified with that locality, and the personal relations of those having charge of them now are such as to incite them to some enthusiasm in the proposed jubilee.

OPENING OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

Official notice is given this week that the Fall Term of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster will commence on the 4th of September. The opening address will be delivered by Dr. E. V. Gerhart at 10 o'clock A. M.

We are anxious to see what accessions there will be to the list of students besides those coming from the last graduating class of the college. We hear a great deal of elders, teachers and others whose talents, intelligence and experiences might be utilized in the work of the ministry, and there is no doubt of the truth of what is said. But are there any of this class of men who are willing to undertake the work? Until the question of a Missionary Institute is settled, and that can be determined only by future developments, such persons should by all means go to our regular Theological Schools at Lancaster and Tiffin. That much seems certain, whatever arrangements may be made in time to come.

The *Independent* says: "We are interested to learn from the *Congregationalist* what is the direction of the change going on in the Congregational churches of Massachusetts, and so probably through the country, in the order of services. The established order for many years had been

about as follows: 1, invocation; 2, hymn; 3, reading the Scriptures; 4, prayer; 5, hymn; 6, notices; 7, sermon; 8, prayer; 9, hymn; 10, benediction. Now, out of 350 churches in Massachusetts, 163 have responsive reading in some form; in 100 the congregation unites with the pastor in repeating the Lord's Prayer; in 65 there is chanting in some form, generally the "Glory be to the Father"; and in 10 the Apostles' Creed is repeated. When it is remembered that only a few years ago it was imagined that the Church of the Pilgrims, in Brooklyn, was going over to Episcopacy because Dr. Storrs introduced responsive reading, the extent of the change will be appreciated."

Arrangements have already been completed to celebrate the 500th anniversary of Heidelberg University, which will occur on August 2d, 1886. The committee appointed for the purpose has made out a programme which includes honorary promotions, banquets, historical processions and illuminations of the old castle and town.

The *Churchman* notes as a curious circumstance that the Diocese of South Carolina agreed to a union with the other dioceses of the Church upon the express condition, recorded in the journal of its convention, "that no bishop should ever reside within the limits of the State." Things have changed since then. The tendency is towards the small diocese, with a desire to have the bishop located near to everybody's home. May be this process will, if carried out legitimately, give the episcopate to every pastor.

We see it stated that several factories near Germantown, Pa., have for some years followed with satisfactory results, the English habit of giving their operatives a half-holiday on Saturday. One of the good effects of this is that it affords the men an opportunity to spend the time in pleasure-journeys with their families, and thus keeps them from crowding all such recreation into the Sabbath day.

The campaign lies now so freely told on all sides, are doubtless having an effect upon the average voter. If scandal is well the expense of truth will tell upon the morals of the people and help to sap the foundations of the government.

"Now I have my jewels back" was the exclamation of the sister of the Queen of Sweden when the grateful tears of a hospital patient fell upon her hand. "She had sold her diamonds to found the institution in which the sick person was carefully nursed."

Dickinson College has had another lift. Hon. Jacob Tome, of Port Deposit, Md., has given twenty-five thousand dollars to be used in the erection of a Scientific Building, which is to bear his name.

It will be seen from the interesting article on page 2d, that the By-Laws of the "Society for the Relief of Ministers and their Widows," have been greatly changed since the charter was granted in 1810.

CHAPEL IN JAPAN.

Additional pledges: Reformed S. School, Hanover, Pa., Rev J. C. Bowman, pastor, (check); Trinity Missionary Society, St. Clairsville, Rev. E. S. Hassler, pastor; Harvest Collection St. Paul's congregation, Ringtown, Pa., Rev. W. B. Sandoe, pastor, (cash \$18 00); Good Work Society, Mt. Zion Reformed S. School, Somerset Co., Rev. J. S. Wagner, pastor; St. Paul's S. School, Chester County; St. Matthew S. S., same charge Rev. E. D. Wettach, pastor; Reformed S. School, Lovettsville, Va., Rev. H. St. John Rinker, pastor; S. School of Salem Ref. Church, St. John's charge, Rev. S. T. Wagner, pastor. Fifty-one pledges in all.

Communications.

VACATION RAMBLES.

Duluth, since the time of Proctor Knott's memorable speech, in which he characterized it as the "Z-nich city of the unaltered sea," has made great progress, and now has a population of 17,000. It presents a picturesque appearance when seen from the deck of an incoming steamer. It is built along the hill side, and but for its one broad and level street along the Lake, you would think it might at any time lose its hold on the land, and slide off into the water. A blast furnace, several saw mills, a large elevator, and a big hotel, are evidences of prosperity. As a shipping port it has now a rival in the new town of Washburn, on the south-west shore of Lake Superior. It is the terminus of the Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis and Omaha Railway, and from this point most of the flour produced by the Minneapolis mills is now shipped, instead of from Duluth, as formerly.

The route from Duluth to St. Paul, via the Duluth and St. Paul R. R., a distance is 155 miles, is tiresome in the last degree. It is one continuous stretch of scrubby pine, except for the first dozen miles after leaving Duluth, where the road winds along the banks of the St. Louis River, through abrupt bluffs and deep ravines, called the Dalles. The bed of the river is extremely rocky, over which the water, nearly as black as ink, comes tearing at a great rate, carrying with it large numbers of saw logs that have escaped from the mills along the banks of the river and its tributaries.

St. Paul is a fine specimen of an enterprising American city. In 1850 it had 840 inhabitants, and a few log cabins and huts. Now it has a population of over 100,000, with beautiful streets and avenues, which are paved with Nicholson and Belgian blocks, and lighted by electricity. Its site is made romantic and beautiful by circling hills that skirt level plateaus, and form natural boundaries between the commercial and residence portions of the city. At this point the Mississippi flows nearly due east until the eastern limits of the city are reached, when it turns suddenly to the south, and proceeds on its way to the gulf. The city is situated on both sides of the river, which is spanned by a substantial iron bridge. The greater portion is on the eastern side, though really here on the northern; the other part is called West St. Paul. From its situation at the head of navigation on the Mississippi, St. Paul has become a great railroad centre. From this point radiates every line that is seeking north-western business. Of the 11,000 miles of railroad constructed in 1882, one-fourth is credited to the system that centres in St. Paul. Besides its large retail business of every description, the city has an immense wholesale trade with the north and west; which amounts annually to millions of dollars—seventy-two millions in 1883.

The cost of living in St. Paul is rather expensive, houses being scarce and rents high. Hence two or three families are often found to occupy one house. It is estimated that if there were 1000 new houses for rent, they would all be taken in two weeks.

St. Paul ranks as a wealthy city, the number of capitalists being large in proportion to the population; hence there are many palatial residences in the upper part of the city, especially on Summit avenue, which, being broad and well shaded, forms the chief pleasure drive of the wealthy and fashionable people of St. Paul. We are indebted to our kind friend, Robert Lewis, Esq., for a delightful carriage drive through the principal parts of the city, and to the various plateaus, from which fine views are obtained of the city, the river, and the surrounding country.

There are many fine churches here, but so far as I am aware no Reformed church has yet been established. Considering the large number of Germans in the population, it seems to me there is here a large field ready for missionary work. The Lutherans have nine churches here—four German, two Norwegian, two Swedish, and one Danish, with a membership exceeding any other denomination except the Catholic. They, of course, have the advantage on account of the large number of Swedes and Norwegians, but we ought to have very nearly an equal chance with them among the Germans.

In the vicinity of St. Paul is the beautiful cascade of Minnehaha, "Laughing Water," which we visited by a pleasure steamer on the Mississippi. The country directly north of St. Paul is fairly a net-work of beautiful, freshwater lakes. They abound in fish, especially black and silver bass, are clear and cold, and from 40 to 60 feet deep. The most beautiful of all these is Lake Superior, which is a lake of great beauty, quite large, with commodious steamers plying on its waters. The shores are dotted with tastefully built cottages and several large hotels.

Minneapolis, at the falls of St. Anthony which have now been worn away into a series of cascades and rapids, is also a large city; larger than St. Paul, in fact. It is more beautiful, but less picturesque, than St. Paul, and is the greatest manufacturing city in the north-west. The falls of St. Anthony afford a wonderful water power, and are lined with immense mills and factories—the flour mills alone are said to have a capacity of 25,000 barrels a day.

There are twenty-five large granite flour mills here, the largest of them being the Pillsbury mill, which uses up 25,000 bushels of wheat per day. We were shown through the mill, which is five stories high, from the top to the bottom, by an intelligent German gentleman, who seems to have made this pleasant duty a specialty. He showed and explained to us all the operations, from the manner of cleaning the wheat to the production of the finest flour.

They make seven different grades of flour, the finest being "Pillsbury's Best;" the coarser grades are chiefly for the European market.

S. M. O.

St. Paul, Minn., July 20, 1884.

A LETTER FROM "CAMP GETTYSBURG."

The readers of the MESSENGER may, perhaps, be interested in a letter from the camp of the National Guard at Gettysburg. My letter will probably be somewhat disconnected for it must be hastily written under circumstances not very favorable to easy composition. I am writing while sitting in the door of my tent, with a narrow board laid across both knees instead of a desk. In front, as I glance up from my paper, is the celebrated scene of the hardest fighting during the late civil war. Off to my right, Round Top rears its historic head against the clear summer sky. Away to the left is Cemetery hill with its 3775 dead, sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, till the world's last great reveille. Behind me is "Pickett's Woods," in which the Confederate General Pickett's men, prepared themselves for the fiercest charge of the war, and behind which, on the other side, on the first day of the battle, General Doubleday's division of the First Army Corps marched on a double quick for six miles—pushing on, and on, and on, breathless and panting and hot, to the support of Buford's cavalry, beyond the seminary where Reynolds fell.

The whole ground is historic. Every inch of the soil is memorable. Bathed in the blood of the bravest men this continent has ever seen, and watered by the tears of thousands and thousands of widows and orphans, every rod of this ground will remain memorable while the United States remain a Republic. Every hill has a history, every rock has some tale to tell, every tree is scanned with a curious interest, while the fields themselves, could they speak, would tell such a story as would move the heart to its profoundest depths.

It was a happy thought to locate the annual camp of the State National Guard at this point. As many of the readers of the MESSENGER know nothing of the character and organization of the National Guard of Pennsylvania, a few words of explanation may be in place.

"The National Guard" is but another name for the militia of the State. It has taken the place of the "Old Battalion" camps, such as the older readers of the MESSENGER may remember as having been in vogue previous to the war. The entire militia of the State, under the name of "The National Guard of Pennsylvania,"

constitutes one division, with Major-General John F. Hartman as commander. This division is divided into three brigades, of which Gen. Snowden commands the first, Gen. Beaver the second, and Gen. Siegfried the third. The whole division numbers nominally 10,000 men—of whom about 8,000 are in this camp. The men are uniformed and equipped by the State, with a breech-loading rifle, and are regularly organized and well drilled and disciplined. They are subject to the call of the Governor at an hour's notice, and are the only safety the State has in time of riot or other trouble beyond the power of municipal police to control. The different companies are regularly inspected and drilled during the year, and once every summer, usually the first week in August, they go into "a camp of instruction," where they are thoroughly drilled and subjected to the regular discipline of military life. It costs the State a very considerable amount of money to keep up the National Guard in all its appointments—an annual appropriation of somewhat more than \$300,000, being made by the Legislature for this purpose, apart from the sum of about a half million invested in camp equipage. But the State makes no use of expenditure in these apparently prodigal appropriations. The mere knowledge that such a power exists and that such preparations are always at hand, ready to subdue the disorderly elements of society in a case of necessity, is sufficient return for the outlay. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."

Of all the camps which the writer ever attended, this "Camp Gettysburg," is the most orderly and quiet, at least it is so at our end of it. I have seen no drunkenness, I hear no rowdiness. The men are quiet, well behaved, cautious, and kind. When called to attend church on Sunday evening last, they all came up, surrounded the writer as they sat in the fragrant clover, some 800 of them, and with all attention listened to the word of God. And when the opening hymn was announced, "All hail the power of Jesus' name!"—how they did sing! Ah, it was a joy to hear 300 strong men's voices sing those grand words. It was a pleasure to see how attentively they listened. It was an encouragement to have them come up after service and, "Chaplain, I promised my wife before I came away from home, that I would go to church—and I've done it!" Yes. The good Master ought to have his blessed cause represented here. These men ought not to be left without some one to bring to them the wholesome restraining influences of religion. The devil has indeed, much to do in camp—but God is here as well as at home.

Of course the men swear. At least many of them do. What does the chaplain do? He doesn't do anything, but maybe look at them. That's enough. Nearly always a man, however wicked, will make an apology. But if you begin to lecture him, your influence is gone. The other day—Saturday, 21—I walked over to the Seminary building, and beyond it to the scene of the first days of the ever memorable battle. I went into the building, and as I walked through the halls and rooms, I noticed how every board in every floor of the building is deep-stained with the blood of our wounded, and so stained that no water will wash it out. Blood stains won't wash out. Then I went up on the cupola and looked far and wide over the magnificent panorama spread out before me—off toward Carlisle and Chambersburg whence the enemy came pouring in on us—yonder to the meadows where we formed in line of battle—beyond that the stone barn where my poor regiment was cut to pieces—what a contrast between the beautiful calm of these days of peace and those awful days of war! Now the great shadows of the clouds peacefully traverse the blue sides of South Mountain—then other clouds gathered on their grove in front. I paused down in the meadow where we formed in line of battle. Strange thoughts, thrilling emotions possessed me as I said to myself—here is the fence, the tree, the hill—yonder at the edge of the wood I watched the Battery in action not fifty yards away—but where are all the brave boys who, blithe as a May morning that first day of July, 1863, went up yonder slope with ringing cheers? Scattered—gone—dead!

In the edge of the wood where our brave Reynolds was killed I found five soldiers sitting under the trees talking about the war. Four of them had "seen no service," the fifth, Isaac found (as I sat down and listened to his account of the battle) was a member of my old brigade. The young men eagerly listened to the veteran's story, drinking in every word with avidity. They all swore terribly. I began to talk with them about the battle, but not a word about their swearing. They swore on—curled the trees, the fences, everything. We went over to the old stone barn and the little log house, around which our regiment lay and where we lost so many men. To me it was sacred soil. But my companions cursed everything—the house, the barn, the milk which the good woman of the house brought us, the old bayonets and bullets her little boy sold us as relics—everything must needs be cursed. Still I said nothing, nor did they remotely suspect "a preacher" was near by. On the way back we parted at the Seminary building. I asked them what regiment and brigade they belonged to? They told me. Then they asked me, and I told them, "Chaplain of the Sixth Regiment, First Brigade." Poor fellows, they were all abashed and ashamed. They blushed and looked on the ground. Then they began to confess, and apologize, and beg pardon, and one said, "That's the way it always goes. A fellow'd better know who's around before he swears. We're a pretty rough lot, Chaplain, but if you preach on Sunday we'll come and hear you. We ain't got no Chaplain, we ain't." After a few words of counsel, we parted, and may the good Lord have mercy upon them!

Other camps of the National Guard have been camps of instruction. This is more. The men are not only here instructed in the manual and in the various evolutions of the field. Here they gain something more. This grand old battle field excites in them sentiments and feelings of a kind akin to that which is sacred and holy. It arouses their patriotic feelings. It stirs them to emulate the brave example of the men who here, on both sides of the great conflict, gave to the world such a magnificent example of courage. Their desire to learn all they can of this great battle field serves the purpose also, of keeping them out of mischief. They hunt relics here, and leave beer alone.

This morning General Phil. Sheridan and Secretary Lincoln, under escort of Gen. Hartman and staff, rode through our camp. The General (Sheridan) reviewed the Division this afternoon. As I glance backward through the lifted side of my tent I see thousands of spectators away on yonder hill awaiting the review. The Sixth Regiment is drawn up in line, and awaiting orders to march on the field—so I must close, for I want to walk out and see the great sight myself.

August 6, 1884.

DEDICATION OF GRACE REFORMED CHURCH, FORT WAYNE, IND.

The English Reformed Church of Ft. Wayne, Ind., was permitted to witness the dedication of its church on July 27th. Grace Reformed church was organized under the Board of Missions by its present pastor, Rev. T. J. Bachor, on Pentecost Sunday, A. D., 1853, with about fifty

charter members. Driven here and there as to locality, for holding services, it nevertheless continued to prosper.

With their number increased to ninety nine, they purchased a well and centrally located lot, and commenced to erect the beautiful chapel which was solemnly dedicated on the day named above. The chapel is Gothic, and has all the modern improvements. It forms a part of the plan for a large church. It is 35x56 feet, and will seat about 300 persons. Its cost is \$3,150—the whole amount except \$100 donated by Rev. J. Charleston of Navarre, O., was raised by the Mission and citizens of the city. Rev. J. H. Good, D. D. of Tiffin, O., preached the sermon. Revs. J. J. Leberman and C. M. Schaaf, as representatives of the Board of Home Missions, also assisted in the services.

A THREEFOLD FESTIVITY IN NEW YORK CITY.

On the evening of the 5th of August a three-fold festivity took place in pastor Busche's church, on Suffolk St., between Rivington and Delancy Sts., New York city. It was the 68th birthday of the pastor, the 36th anniversary of this German Reformed church, and a revival meeting of the Young Ladies' Missionary Society of this congregation. Although all day long the heavens had poured down their liquid contents in capacious showers, sweeping the filth of Gotham's high and byways to the sea; but when evening came the rains ceased, and the silvery shimmer of moonlight vied with the brilliancy of the electric illuminations of New York city's parks and streets. The consequence was that a numerous congregation of young and old had assembled to do honor to the occasion.

Beautiful and costly flowers adorned a rear stand of the platform during the exercises, and were, at the end, presented to the pastor and two clerical brethren, to smooth their pathways through life, if possible. A neatly arranged programme, well carried out to the end, was projected by a committee of the Young Ladies' Missionary Society, under the leadership of organist Edward Berg, son of staunch elder Berge, of the same church. After several duets and quartets by some of the members of the Society were well rendered, pastor Busche delivered a telling missionary address on the necessity of young ladies, before their marriage, developing a positive Christian character, for only a Christian girl makes a truly good wife. He had a rationalistic schoolmate in the city of Berlin, and when, one day, conversing on the subject of marriage, as even theological students in Prussia, as well as in America, are apt to do, the rationalist observed that, when he got married, he would only marry a real pious woman—a Methodist, if possible, a Sinner—and no other, for such an one alone would make a true wife and good mother. This Young Ladies' Missionary Society should also serve the purpose of preparing good wives and mothers. We hope the Missionary Societies of young men will make a note of pastor Busche's suggestion on this point and know where special attention is paid to the social question. If Napoleon said France needed mothers, our age demands Christian mothers to stem the tide of our modern youth's apostasy from Church and God.

Miss Theresa Pfarrer delivered two telling recitations—one in English, on the subject of Mission, concluding with the remark: "Whi as you cross the sea for heathens, don't forget the heathen nearer home." The other was in German (original?), and had feeling reference to the long service of his people for, and in conclusion presented him with a shepherd's crook handsomely ornamented with beautiful and odorous \$50 in gold pieces, contributed by individual members of the church.

Two clerical members of New York Classis being present, they must, of course—American style, though in German—make the usual speeches. The first speaker glorified the Reverend celebrant by narrating the long and faithful services he had rendered to old and young in so many solemn ways, and on account of which the large assemblage ought to thank God and him for the great and manifold mercies. Also, to encourage him in the midst of his family afflictions, and the prospective sorrow in the near demise of his beloved life companion.

The second Brother dwelt upon the goodly sight presented in this occasion to their pastor by the congregation, but especially by the young—the lambs of his flock. Since so many prove unfaithful to their confirmation vows in New York city, it was very encouraging to witness this public expression of missionary zeal on the part of the young of Pastor Busche's congregation.

And now, after a long and warm flow of congratulations and benedictions, the aged pastor of hoary tonsure responded in his usual terse style and sonorous tone of voice. He was completely taken by surprise. Like a thunder-clap from a clear sky "this affair" had overtaken him. Woman's cunning was proverbial; "his girls" had outwitted him this time entirely. Yes, he felt as young as a man of thirty, and when he presided, as president, over this Young Ladies' Society, he felt as one of them. If he was getting old, he did not feel it. He could preach as much and as well as ever, and hoped to minister yet twenty years more in holy things, and then ascend on high on eagle's wings, is 40: 31. He had no need of being assured of the affection of his people, that he knew long ago and never doubted. He was unworthy of their expression of love at this time, and heartily thanked them for their kindness. A prayer, the doxology, *Lobd den Herren*, etc., and benediction closed this two hours' threefold festivity. A WITNESS.

Church News.

Stated Clerks of Classis and Pastors will oblige us by sending such items of News as will be of interest to the Church.

OUR OWN CHURCH.

Pennsylvania.

Walmer's church, Lebanon county.—A Sunday-school, Gathering.—A correspondent writes to the Lebanon Courier that "the quarterly Convention of Swatara charge assembled at Walmer's church, Saturday, July 26th. The different Sunday-schools in the charge were well represented, and an unusually pleasant day was spent. The queries and topics were well discussed. Prominent among the speakers were the familiar faces of Revs. Tobias Kessler, Geo. Dresler, Morris Straube, Wm. Boeshore, C. D. Zehring and Elmore Boeshore. The teachers and officers we met there are ardent, intelligent Sunday-school workers, wide-awake and up to the times in methods of teaching. The old-time reputation of the people of Walmer's for hospitality will not suffer through their entertainment of the delegates. We returned home convinced of the good work these Conventions are doing in stimulating the people to greater exertion in Sunday-school work. J. W."

Jefferson Charge, York county.—The Harvest Home services in the Jefferson charge, York county, Pa., have been concluded, and the collections have far surpassed those of any other year. Rev. F. A. Guth assumed the pastorate of

this charge last May, and seems to be the right man in the right place. His people are very much encouraged. He and his estimable wife are now spending their vacation with their friends in Lehigh county.

Mt. Alto.—The two excursions, one to Mt. Alto, the other to Gettysburg, under the auspices of members and friends of the Mt. Alto charge, for the benefit of the parsonage fund of that charge, have proved to be successes, netting the fund quite a handsome amount. To Rev. C. Cort, Col. Geo. B. Wiestling and others is the success met with largely to be attributed.

Zion's Charge, Somerset county.—Rev. J. S. Wagner has become pastor of Zion's charge, Berlin, Somerset county, which was lately served by Rev. H. F. Keener.

Sunbury Charge.—The sacrament of the altar was largely celebrated by the First Reformed congregation of Sunbury, Pa., on last Lord's Day, 3rd inst. Service preparatory was held on Saturday evening, when 31 persons were received into full communion with the church—2 by baptism and 29 by certificate and 11 on renewed profession of faith. It was the first communion under Rev. Mr. Leinbach's pastorate, and he has very great reason to feel encouraged in his labors among this people. The pastor has been granted a three weeks' vacation, and is now off enjoying it.

New York.

Brooklyn.—A Correction.—A correspondent corrects statement made last week in reference to Evangelical Reformed church (German), in Brooklyn, N. Y., in that the congregation was not organized in 1876, but in 1877. The church building was bought for six thousand dollars, of which four thousand and five hundred dollars yet remain to be paid.

Kansas.

Hiawatha.—Church Dedication and Installation.—On the 27th of July the new church built by the congregation at Hiawatha, Kansas, Rev. G. W. Remegen, pastor, was solemnly dedicated to the service of the Triune God. Within a year the congregation has erected a church and parsonage, now estimated to be worth at least \$5000. After the dedicatory sermons, by Rev. D. B. Shuey in English, and Rev. J. F. Graf in German, the pastor announced that a debt of \$840 was unpaid for Rev. Shuey succeeded within one hour and a half's time, in securing to God free of debt. The building was given to God free of debt. The congregation is composed of eighty members, most of them being in moderate circumstances, and deserve much credit for their enterprise and perseverance. The building is of brick, 34x57 feet, with a tower 80 feet high.

In the evening of the same day the pastor was installed by a committee of Kansas Classis. Rev. H. Shumaker preached the sermon.

Ohio.

Apple Creek.—Rev. Fred. Mayer, recently of the Theological Seminary, was installed pastor of Apple Creek charge, by a committee of Tuscarawas Classis, Synod of Ohio.

Personal.

Rev. M. F. Frank, of Pittsburg, is spending a part of his vacation in and about Dayton, O.

Rev. Henry King, of Baltimore, O., is at present very ill, with little hopes of his recovery.

Rev. T. S. Johnston, D. D., of Lebanon, Pa., celebrated his sixty-sixth birthday on the 4th inst.

Rev. J. T. Rossiter, Baltimore, Md., called at our office, and has with him a fine and rare gem, a gem, county, Pa.

Rev. L. K. Evans, Pottstown, Pa., and family are off on a short visit to the sea shore.

A week ago the Sunday-school of St. John's Reformed church of Lancaster (German) held its picnic at Rocky Springs. Thursday, August 7th, St. Luke's (Rev. W. F. Lichtler's) Sunday-school went to the same place. In both cases, large numbers of the members of the respective churches and friends of the schools were assembled, and all seemed to enjoy a delightful day in the beautiful grounds.

Prof. J. S. Stahr and Rev. J. A. Peters have been rusticated at Black Burren Springs, Lancaster county. Upon their return, the latter went with his family to Alexandria, Huntingdon Co., to proceed thence to Bedford.

Dr. E. V. Gerhart, when last heard from, was enjoying himself at Martha's Vineyard.

SIXTY-FOURTH ANNUAL MEETING OF MARYLAND CLASSIS.

Maryland Classis convened in the Sixty-fourth annual session in St. John's Reformed Church, Clearspring, Washington Co. Md., Wednesday after Trinity Sunday, June 11th, 1884, at 8 o'clock, P. M., at the request of the President, who was pastor Loc, the opening sermon was preached by the Rev. M. L. Firor, Text, Rev. 4, 11.

There were from beginning to end of the sessions twenty four ministers and eighteen elders present. The following officers were elected: Rev. John G. Noss, President, M. L. Firor, Corresponding Secretary, Simon S. Miller, Stated Clerk.

From the report of the various committees it is evident that the past Classical year has been one of marked progress, in the different departments of church work. The apportionments for the different benevolent objects, have been met in full by nearly all the charges, showing earnest and faithful work on the part of the pastors; the Treasurer's report showed that the Classis has met all its obligations and raised more than \$1300 over and above the contributions of last year.

Students for the Ministry.—Messrs. Calvin B. Heller, and E. R. Deatrick, students under the care of Classis, having completed their course in the Theological Seminary, at Lancaster, Pa., were after examination licensed to preach the gospel. Mr. C. B. Heller was dismissed to N. C. Classis having accepted a call to labor within the bounds of said Classis. E. R. Deatrick will labor in Maryland having been appointed to that point as Missionary by the Board of Missions. Messrs. J. N. Bausman, F. M. Line, J. B. Stoner, J. F. Mackley, F. H. Mill, J. W. Meninger, and J. L. Murphy, are students for the ministry and are receiving help from the Classis, besides those others are pursuing their studies under the fostering care of the Classis. From this it may be seen that the Maryland Classis is not deaf to the loud call for more men to fill up the waste places of the church.

Woodberry Mission.—Classis having more than raised the three thousand dollars for Washington Chapel pledged at Jefferson, Md., in 1879, and having made good her obligations to the Synod of Hagers town in 1878, resolved to purchase a lot and build a chapel in Woodberry near Baltimore. To the accomplishment of this end the Board of Trustees was directed to go forward. Classis apportioned \$300 to the support of the Missionary and \$600 for the purchase of the lot. We have learned that since the meeting of Classis the Board of Trustees have purchased a lot on Cross Street, 75x75 for \$2100 cash, so that Woodberry Mission will soon have a local habitation.

Directory of Worship.—The Classis approved the Directory of Worship by the unanimous adoption of the following resolutions contained in the report of the committee to whom the work was referred:

Resolved, That the Directory of Worship does not come up to our idea of what a book of worship for our church ought to be, yet as being the best at present attainable, we give it our approval.

Resolved, That while we thus approve of the new Directory, we would not give our consent to any act or law, depriving any congregation of the privilege of using either of the Orders of Worship (Eastern or Western) already before the church.

Mercersburg College.—The Classis endorsed this institution by the adoption of the following report of her visiting committee:

Your committee appointed to attend upon the closing exercises of Mercersburg College, June 12th, would report that it gave us pleasure and satisfaction to do so. There were four young lady graduates, who acquitted themselves with great credit. The audience filled the spacious Reformed Church, and was composed of the best citizens of the place and surrounding country. Your committee was favorably impressed with what they saw and heard, and are of the firm conviction that Mercersburg Classis revived, has a future of usefulness before it, and is deserving of the confidence and support of this Classis.

Annual Meeting.—Classis will meet in annual session in the Reformed church, Taneytown, Carroll county, Md., Wednesday before Trinity Sunday at 7.30 o'clock, P. M.

Religious Services.—Religious services were held on each night from Wednesday on to the close of Classis. The brethren, Firor, Sonntag, Zinkhan, Koster and Clever, occupying the pulpit. Rev. Dr. Martin preached the preparatory sermon, and Rev. Dr. Eschbach the communion sermon. A Sunday-school service was held on Sunday afternoon. Addresses were made by Revs. Knapp, Kieffer and Clever.

Missionary Meeting.—After the adjournment of Classis the brethren that remained over held a missionary service on Monday night, at which addresses were made by Revs. Hoffmeister, Skyles and Clever. All these services were largely attended by the people and many good impressions were made, which, doubtless, will bless the recipients for time to come.

Adjournment.—The Classis finally adjourned on Monday at 4 o'clock, P. M. The sessions of Classis were very pleasant and harmonious from beginning to end, and the brethren were most hospitably entertained by Rev. Goodrich, the pastor loci, and his very kind people.

The Classis was pleased to have the attendance of Revs. J. C. Clapp, D. D., President Catawba College, N. C., H. D. Darbaker, Allegheny Classis, Pittsburg Synod, G. W. Aughinbaugh, Pres. Mercersburg College, J. Hassler, J. W. Knappenberger, of Mercersburg Classis, and Robt and Sprecher, of the Lutheran church, during part of their session.

STATED CLERK.

LATE ANNIVERSARY OF BETHANY ORPHANS' HOME, WOMELSDORF, PA.

An Omission.

As no one present furnished us with an account of the exercises at the late Anniversary of Bethany Orphan's Home, we were obliged to cull a report from one of the Reading papers. This, very singularly, omitted to give the names of the persons making the addresses on the occasion. We have since learned that Rev. Dr. E. V. Gerhart, of Lancaster, Pa., made the English address and Rev. J. Berleman, of Philada., the German also made an effective address in behalf of the Sunday-school of the Home—a collection to the amount of \$150 following, as a result.

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"HARVEST."

I knelt in the dim sweet summer night,
And whispered a prayer of trembling faith,
That He (who nurseth the sleeping grain
Till life comes smiling from darkest death)
Would not scorn the scant sheaves I had won,
When life was over and harvest done.

Selections.

Many a man put in the seed who never saw the harvest, just as many another brought home ripe sheaves on which he bestowed no labor save that of the sickle. The worker for Christ, therefore, is to work in faith, expecting the divine hand to secure the result. He has abundant reason to believe that good is done of which he has no knowledge, and will have none until the great day. It may be necessary for his own spiritual welfare that he should be kept in this ignorance. And certainly he renders no small honor to the Master when he perseveres in the face of all discouragement.—*J. W. Chambers.*

Science and Art.

The British Government have declined to purchase the "Raffaella Madonna dei Ausidel" and the Vandyck equestrian portrait of Charles I at the price placed upon them by the Duke of Marlborough—£160,000. They have, however, made an offer for three of the works in the Blenheim collection, the two above named, and one of the Rubenses. This offer has been refused by the Duke, and there the matter now rests.

Personal.

Antonin Rubinstein, the musical composer, is credited with being so nervous of portrait painters that he has never been induced to sit for his picture. Recently, however, he was caught napping, and the opportunity was used to transfer his features to canvas. The vigorous and rapid sketch in greys and browns proved quite a success.

An interesting sketch of the life of Robert Koch, the discoverer of the cholera germ, appears in a recent number of the *Gartenlaube*. Dr. Koch, who is now forty-one years old, is a son of the Harz Mountain. In 1866 he took his M. D. degree. For the next six years he laboriously worked his way upwards as assistant physician in one of the way hospitals. When, in 1872, he got an appointment at Wollstein, the struggle for existence had again to be fought for seven years. His first distinction was won by the publication of the results of his quiet labor on the methods of the artificial dyeing of microscopic objects, especially of bacteria. By the general public his discovery could not be appreciated, but those who understood the value of these researches¹ in the prosecution of the study of bacteria knew that with it a new era had dawned for science. This conviction has been brilliantly confirmed. During the last five years he has succeeded in identifying the germs of cattle disease, of consumption, and of cholera. These discoveries are not incidental strokes of good luck, but the natural fruits of his own system of research.

Items of Interest.

The remains of the late Prince of Orange were interred at Delft, famous for its blue earthenware and as being the scene of the murder of William the Silent. The church, beneath which is the royal vault containing the dust of thirty-three members of the House of Orange, is noted for its fine bells.

The number of tourist hotels in Switzerland is 1,002, of an aggregate value of 319,500,500fr., on which, year before last, the net profit was only about 5 per cent. Since 1871 the English have led all other nations in the list of travellers, the next in rank being the Germans. Then followed in regular order Americans, Frenchmen, and Italians. Twenty years ago the Swiss themselves constituted the majority of travellers, but now they furnish the smallest contingent.

Of luxuries the Abyssinian soldiers have few; smoking is not allowed, and the breaker of this rule is liable to lose his nose and lips by order of the King. But each man carries his little tin pot of snuff stuck in his belt. A pinch of his tobacco powder he will place between his nether

great nation of the earth. At the exposition one may learn more about the natural resources of those regions than by an ordinary visit to Mexico or Central America. To lovers of music a visit to the Exposition will be highly gratifying, for there is a music hall capable of seating 11,000 persons and a stage large enough to hold 600 musicians. Grand concerts will be given during the season. Besides this the fact ought to be known that New Orleans is the only city in the Union that has had an established opera house for half a century. Nor is this all. Strangers to themselves well repaid by making it a source of pleasure to the quaint city at any time. During the carnival season tens of thousands of visitors flock to the Crescent city to see the gorgeous pageants prepared annually at an expense to the citizens of from \$100,000 to \$200,000. This lavish expenditure of money is for the gratification of strangers and home-folks, and the displays are absolutely free. The citizens of the Southern metropolis who do such large things, in such a large way, have pledged their word to make their World's Fair the crowning event of the century, and they will do it.

Farm and Garden.

Start roses and many house plants for next Winter blooming by putting in cuttings this month. Fill pan or shallow box three-fourths full of rich earth and an inch of pure sand on top, and put in this the cuttings. Keep covered with glass or out of the wind and sufficiently watered to prevent surface from getting too dry.

The Pennsylvania dairies of the best class often use red earthenware pots, glazed inside, about eight inches deep and ten inches in diameter on the top for setting the milk in cool running water. This plan is also common in the best dairies in Normandy, France, which are noted for fine butter. The milk is never heated excepting when very thick or "clotted" cream is desired for special purposes; it is wholly unnecessary in ordinary dairying.—Country Gentleman.

The old practice of washing sheep before shearing has fallen into disuse among the most progressive farmers. It does not pay. Aside from the colds, rheumatisms and other inconveniences incurred by men and animals, the wool is not increased in market value enough to justify the time and labor expended. If the fleeces are filled with burrs and rubbish the washing they get on the sheep's back will not help them any. Better keep the sheep reasonably clean, and let the manufacturers do the washing.

Every farmer should keep a can of the following mixture: kerosene, two quarts; linseed oil, one gill; rosin, one ounce. Melt the rosin in the linseed oil and add to the kerosene. Coat all steel or iron tools wherever bright, with this when they are to lie idle, if for only a few days. It will not take half a minute or half a teaspoonful of the mixture to coat a plough when one has finished using it, and it will prevent all rust and save half a day's time in cleaning it when it is again needed, besides saving the team many thousands of pounds extra pulling. Coat the iron work of the mowers and reapers with it when they are put away for the winter. A little rust is only a little thing, but it makes much difference in the season.

Useful Hints and Recipes

MARYLAND BISCUITS.—One quart of flour, one teaspoonful of salt, one tablespoonful of lard worked in the flour. Moisten with sufficient water to make a very stiff dough. Work it well, then lay it on a board and pound until it is soft and smooth and until the dough cracks as you work it. Make it into small, flat biscuits, lay them in a pan, prick them with a fork, and bake in a moderate oven. Serve cold. May be kept a long time in a tin box.

ABOUT VEAL.—Veal requires more cooking than any meat except pork. It is too dry to broil, and is best fried and covered with the gravy. It should be fried slowly, and if there is not enough of its own fat to fry it, a little fresh suet will answer. When it is done, remove the meat to a platter and pour some milk into the pan, adding a small piece of butter if you think it will not be rich enough. Moisten some flour with a little milk, and stir it into the milk in the pan. The gravy will be colored a beautiful brown from the juices of the meat that have dripped on the pan if it is well stirred. Beat up an egg and stir it into the gravy just before taking it up, and then pour it around the meat.

POTATOES—VARIOUS STYLES.—Mix 1/2 lb. Parloca cuts cold potatoes in cubes, dips them slightly in flour for duchess potatoes, which are baked in the oven on a greased dish for twenty minutes. Escaloped potatoes are prepared by cutting cold French sauce with a layer of bread crumbs on top. For Lyonnese potatoes take three tablespoonfuls of butter, put in a frying-pan, and when the butter is melted, a tablespoonful of chopped onion is stirred in till it is browned. A slice of straw when a potato is being cut in a pale sauce are added, thoroughly seasoned with salt and pepper. When they are hot a tablespoonful of chopped parsley is sprinkled over them, and the whole cooked two minutes longer.

Books and Periodicals.

The ANDOVER REVIEW, August, 1884. Published monthly by Houghton, Mifflin & Company. Terms: \$3.00 a year; single copies, 30 cts. The contents of the present number are: 1, The Religious Problem of the Country Town, by Rev. Samuel W. Dike; 2, Free Fiction for the People, by Alexander S. Twombly, D.D.; 3, The Minister's Vocation and Avocation, by Rev. J. Brainard Thrall; 4, Italian Politics and the Papacy, by Rev. Wm. Chauncey Langdon; 5, A Summer Day at Tintern Abbey, by Judge L. D. Brewster; 6, An Echo of Dante, by Miss Marion L. Pelton; 7, Editorial Notes on Dr. J. A. Dorner and the great modern preacher, Bishop Simpson; 8, Theological and Religious Intelligence; 9, Book Notices; 10, Literary Notes and Intelligence.

As will be seen from this facile contention, the August number of the *ANDOVER* is pre-eminently practical. In this the *Review* is true to its promise. It was not established simply to discuss the theoretical questions that are agitating the mind of our age. It does this, and does it with extreme ability. But it does more than this. It grapples with the practical problems that arise in the Church's work of evangelism at home and abroad, in its educational institutions and in the administration of its charities. The whole of the presentation is of this high practical character; and without giving a detailed account of the single articles, which are all excellent, we would only add that, as long as the *REVIEW* maintains this lofty standard, it will win, as it

For fifty-two numbers of sixty-four large pages each (or more than 3,300 pages a year) the subscription price (\$8) is low; while for \$10.50 the publishers offer to send any one of the American \$4 monthlies or weeklies with *The Living Age* for a year, both postpaid. Littell & Co., Boston, are the publishers.

Married.

In Huntingdon, Pa., Aug. 6, 1884, by Rev. A. A. Black, Mr. D. R. Black to Miss J. M. Corbin, both of near Huntingdon.

Obituaries.

Elder Witter was the child of affliction for a number of years. Some ten years ago he suffered quite a time from diabetes. Ever since that time he was in delicate health. About a year ago gangrene began its fatal work in one of his feet, from which he suffered at times intensely, and which finally caused his death.

His affliction he bore with commendable Christian resignation to the Lord's will. He was a man of implicit faith. For a number of years he was an office-bearer in the Pine Run Reformed Church, near North Washington. He was greatly interested in the welfare of his own congregation. For the advancement of its interests he spared neither labor nor means, but cheerfully contributed to its support. Several times he represented his charge on the floor of Classis and was a neighbor and citizen he was well thought of as the large concourse of people on the day of his burial testified. In his last days upon the services of the sanctuary Elder Wiester was as regular as health and strength permitted.

In the death of Elder Wiester the Pine Run congregation has lost a good and faithful member—one of its best supporters—but our loss is his gain. In the language of the Apostle he could say, For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.

J. D.

DIED.—In Fredericksburg, Blair county, Pa., on Sunday evening, July 27, 1884, Mrs. Margaret Hagey, wife of David Hagey, in the 52d year of her age.

Mr^o Hagey was born March 18, 1833, and for many years resided in Martinsburg. Although apt to day, and from year to year, the one thing painful; but on Easter Monday she made a profession of her faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and was received as a communicant member of St. John's Reformed church, Martinsburg, by the ordinance of holy baptism and the solemn rite of confirmation. The scene in the sick room on that holy Easter day, was an impressive and solemn one, and from the hearts of those who witnessed it, will never be effaced while time shall last.

Mrs. Hagey had been confined to her bed and room for about eight months, and during this period, although most of the time near death's door, she was ever cheerful and hopeful. Frequently when spoken to concerning her condition and the probability of her not getting well, he would always answer—"It is all right; whatever God sends, is right." She had "set her house in order," and was prepared for the call. One day she was to receive sufficient strength to attend the services of God's house, but this was denied her in the flesh,—but in the spirit, we believe she is with Him, whose she acknowledged here to be, "in body and soul, in life and in death."

The funeral services were held on Wednesday afternoon in the St. John's Reformed church, Martinsburg, on which occasion a sermon was preached by the pastor, based on the words of Isaiah 38: 1, "Set thine house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." The interment took place in Fairview Cemetery, where the body will rest until the morning of the resurrection; and, as spirit, with God, its Author and Giver, will look down from the heavenly world, and will beckon to and draw those yet in the flesh to follow after. May God's blessing accompany the affliction, and do good to those that mourn.

J. D. M.

DIED.—At his home, near Martinsburg, Blair county, Pa., Mr. Benjamin F. Bridenbaugh, aged 60 years, 4 months and 2 days.

Mr. Bridenbaugh, on the morning of his death, rose apparently in health, attended to the feeding and care of his stock, and making ready for a day's labor on the farm. At the morning meal he ate heartily, and then proceeded to the barn. When in the act of placing the saddle on a horse, he felt a pain at his heart, which became more acute, that he was forced to lie down. His hired man assisted him to the house, and to bed; and the family physician was sent for. Before the physician arrived the vital spark had fled—death relieved the sufferer within an half hour from the time he was first taken sick. The physician pronounced the disease "paralysis of the heart."

Thus we are reminded again of the uncertainty of our life. In the death of this man the community has lost a good citizen and neighbor, and he the family a kind husband and father. He was tender hearted, and ever ready to lend a helping hand to those who were in need. May the good Lord, who has effused temper the wind to the storm lamb—be a husband to the widow, and father to the fatherless children—ever leading them in the ways of holiness and peace. These services were held in the St. Paul's Reformed church, Martinsburg, and the burial at Fairview Cemetery. The pastor improved the ad hoc occasion in a sermon based on the words of Solomon, found in the Book of Proverbs 27: 1, "Boast not thyself of to morrow; for thou knowest not what a day may bring forth." Rev. F. A. Ruple was also present and took part in the services.

J. D. M.

DIED.—August 2d, in Stonerstown, Bedford county, Fannie Louisa, oldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Steel, aged 4 years, 10 months and 20 days.

DIED.—In Hopewell township, Mr. George Fockler, aged 55 years, 2 months and 15 days.

THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY.

The Fall Term of the Theological Seminary at Lancaster will commence on Thursday, September 4th, at 10 o'clock, A. M. when the opening address to the students will be delivered by the Rev. Dr. E. V. Gerhart.

FRED. A. GAST, Sec. of Faculty.

NOTICE.

The Board of Missions of Pittsburgh Synod will meet in the Reformed Church, East End, August 26th, at 1:30 P. M. All the missionaries within the bounds of the Synod are requested to send their reports to the undersigned at least five days before the meeting of the Board.

In connection with the sessions of the Board, missionary conferences will also be held in the evening of the same day at 7:30 o'clock, both in East End and Wilkesburg Reformed churches.

1. Programme at Wilkesburg—(a) Missions in relation to the development of the Christian life of the individual and the congregation, by Rev. D. S. Dieffenbacher; (b) Our Mission Work, by Rev. F. B. Hahn.

2. Programme at East End—(a) The True Missionary Spirit, by Rev. C. U. Heilman; (b) Reflexive influence of missionary activity, by Rev. J. H. Prugh.

By order of the Board of Missions of the Pittsburgh Synod.

F. B. HAHN, Secretary.
Greenville, Pa., July 26, 1884.

NOTICE.

Pittsburgh Synod will meet in general convention in St. Peter's Reformed church, Mt. Pleasant, Pa., September 17th, A. D. 1884, at 7:30 o'clock, P. M. Arrangements will be made for Excursion rates to the members on the A. V. R. and B. and O. railroads. Orders will be forwarded by the clerk to those entitled.

H. F. KENER, Clerk,
Manor Station, Pa.

July 26, 1884.

General News.

Home.

Rich gas wells have been opened in Pittsburg. Millions of fish are said to be dying in Lake Mendota, Wis.

Six thousand National Guards were encamped at Gettysburg last week.

The corner-stone of the great statue of Liberty was laid on the 5th inst.

The severe storms of last week did much damage in parts of Pennsylvania and New Jersey.

The depot of the Pennsylvania railroad at Jersey City was destroyed by fire on Monday, 4th inst.

The "Texas fever" is said to be prevailing in Wyoming territory and the State of Iowa. Several cases have been reported in Lancaster county in this State.

The Arctic Relief Fleet arrived at Governor's Island on the 8th inst, bearing the dead bodies of those who perished on the Greely expedition. Great honors were paid to them.

On Sunday, shortly after 2 o'clock, P. M., the bark of the *Madison*, New York, was wrecked on the rocks of the harbor. It was only slightly damaged. The vessel was from Philadelphia and along the coast it caused inhabitants to run out of their houses in great alarm. It lasted about twelve seconds, and the sensation it produced was anything but pleasant. In a few instances chimneys were blown down.

Foreign.

An analysis of the water in common use has been made at Marseilles, at Aix and at Arles. This showed that the water was full of numberless microbes.

Comparatively few cases of cholera are reported in Toulon and Marseilles. The disease may be spreading slowly, but it is of a much milder type, and the cases are so rare that there is not much excitement over them.

The steamer *Amsterdam*, of the Rotterdam Line, was wrecked on Sable Island on the 6th inst. She had on board 214 passengers. Ten of these were cabin passengers. The vessel cost between £50,000 and £60,000. Her cargo was chiefly telegraph wire. The agent says that nearly all the cargo was thrown overboard, and that the steamer will not be a total wreck. Strange to say only three passengers were lost.

LONDON, Aug. 10.—Later details of the capture of Ke-Lung by the French say that the town was given up without a blow. Directly the cannon from Admiral Lespes' flagship fired the signal the men landed from the various ships and the town was taken possession of in the name of France. The authorities of the town and a majority of the populace fled. Four thousand Chinese troops, recently arrived from Shanghai, retired into the interior. The British vice consul went on board an English gunboat, having previously sent a protest to Admiral Lespes against its French occupation, and pointing out that Ke-Lung was protected under treaty with England. The French upon landing seized many junks, and embargoed several steamers hailing from Shanghai, on the ground that their papers were irregular.

DIRECTORY

Of Reformed Churches in the City of Philadelphia.

ENGLISH CHURCHES.

First Church.—Southwest corner of Tenth and Wallace Streets. Pastor, Rev. D. Van Horne, D. D., 1140 Mt. Vernon St. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9 A. M. Lecture, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

Christ Church. Green below Sixteenth St. Pastor, Rev. James Crawford, 1106 Mount Vernon St. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 2:30 P. M. Lecture, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

Trinity Church. Seventh near Oxford St. Pastor, Rev. D. E. Klopp, D. D., 1541 North Seventh St. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 2:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

Heidelberg Church. Nineteenth and Oxford Sts. Pastor, Rev. James I. Good, 1515 N. Nineteenth St. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 2:30 P. M. Lecture, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

Reformed Church of the Strangers.—Haverford Avenue near Fortieth St. Pastor, Rev. G. H. Johnston, 33 Saunders Ave. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9½ A. M., Lecture, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

Grace Mission. Tenth below Dauphin St. Pastor, Rev. A. B. Stoner, 2422 Reese Street. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 2:15 P. M. Lecture, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

GERMAN CHURCHES.

Salem. Fairmount Avenue below Fourth St. Pastor, Rev. F. W. Berleman, 341 Fairmount Avenue. Services, 10:15 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9 A. M. and 2 P. M. Lecture, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

Zion's. Sixth Street above Girard Avenue. Pastor, Rev. N. Gehr, D. D., 1230 N. Sixth St. Services, 10:15 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9 A. M. and 2 P. M. Lecture, Wednesday, 7:45 P. M.

Bethlehem. Corner Norris and Blair Sts. Pastor, Rev. J. G. Neuber, 1532 E. Montgomery Avenue. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 2:30 P. M.

Emanuel's. Thirty-eighth and Baring Sts. Pastor, Rev. J. Küelling, D. D., pastor, 213 N. 38th St. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 2 P. M.

St. Paul's. S. E. Corner Seventeenth and Fitzwater Sts. Pastor, Rev. A. E. Dahman, 729 S. 17th St. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 2 P. M. Catechetical Lectures, Monday and Thursday, 7:30 P. M. Teacher's Meeting, Friday 8 P. M.

St. Mark's. Fifth above Huntington Street. Pastor, Rev. G. A. Scheer, 2250 N. Fifth Street. Services, 10:15 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 2 P. M.

Emanuel's. Bridesburg. Pastor, Rev. W. J. Forster, Bridesburg, Pa. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 2 P. M.

St. Luke's. Twenty-sixth and Girard Ave. Pastor, Rev. W. Walenta, 1216 Taney St. Services, 10:30 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 2 P. M.

St. John's Chapel. Ontario and Tulip Sts. Pastor, Rev. J. G. Neuber, 1532 E. Montgomery Ave. Services, 3 P. M.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

Wholesale Prices.

MONDAY, August 11, 1884.

FLOUR.—We quote the whole range of prices as follows: Supers \$2.50@3; winter extras, \$3@3.50; Pennsylvania family, \$4.25@4.50; Western winter low grades, \$3.75@4.50; do clears, \$4.75@5.25; straight, \$5.25@5.50; winter patent, \$5.50@6.25; Minnesota clear, \$3.75@4.50; do straight, \$4.50@5.50; do patent, \$5.50@6.25; Wisconsin clear, \$3.50@4; do straight, \$4.25@5; and do patent at \$5.25@6.25. Rye Flour was dull at \$3.50@3.62½ per barrel as to quality.

WHEAT.—Sales of 600 bushels No. 3 red at 86c; 3000 bushels No. 1 Pennsylvania red in elevator at 96c; 5000 bushels No. 2 Delaware red in elevator at 92, with 89c bid and 89½c asked for No. 2 red spot and August; 10,000 bushels September early at 90½c, closing at 90c bid and 90½c asked.

CORN.—Sales of 1200 bushels poor rejected mixed track at 63½c; 600 bushels good do do at 64½c; 600 bushels No. 3 mixed track at 65c; 5000 bushels red mixed in export elevator to local buyers at 64c, with 62c bid early for August, but closing at 61c bid and 60c asked; 61c bid early for September, but closing at 60c bid and 62c asked.

OATS.—Sales of 3 cars No. 3 white early at 45c, and 2 cars No. 2 do at 49@48c, closing at 45c for spot lots. 5000 bushels to arrive next week at 40c, with 35c bid and 37½c asked for August; 10,000 bushels September at 34c.

RYE.—Sales of 2 cars No. 1 nominal at about 60@63c as to quality.

REFINED SUGARS.—Refiners' quotations were \$14.70, as to brand for powdered; 6.3 16c for confectioners' A. These were refiners' prices for round lots.

PROVISIONS.—We quote Mess Pork at \$16.50 @17; shoulders in salt, 6½c; do smoked, 7½c; pickled shoulders, 7½@8½c; do smoked, 9@9½c; breakfast bacon, 10½@11c. Loose Butchers' Lard, 7½c; prime steam do, \$7.70@7.80; city refined do, 8½@8¾c; Beef Hams, \$29@30; Dried Beef, 20@21c; Sweet pickled hams, 13@13½c, as to average; smoked hams, 14½@15c, as to average. City family beef, \$13@13.50. City Tallow, 6c.

POULTRY.—We quote live old hens at 15c; mixed lots, 14@14½c; roosters, 8@10c, and live spring chickens at 14@16c. Ducks, 10@12c; Dressing Chickens—Extra at 18@19c; do fowls, Pennsylvania, 16@17c; do Western, 15@16c; poor do, 13@14c, and spring chickens at 17@20c, as to size and quality.

BUTTER.—We quote creamery extras at 21@22c; do firsts, 18@20c; imitation creamery, 16c; Western dairy choice, 14@15c; do firsts, 11@13c. New York and Bradford county fresh tubs, 17@18c; firsts, 14@16c; packing grade, 7@8c; grease, 3@5c; creamery prints, fancy, 23@25c; good to choice, 18@22c; fair, 12@16c; dairy prints, 12@22c, as to quality.

CHEESE.—Quotations: New York full cream cheese at 10½@10¾c; do fair to good, 9½@9¾c; Ohio fat cheese, 8½@8¾c; do prime, 7½@7¾c; do fair to good, 6½@7c; Pennsylvania part skims, fancy, 4½@5c; do fair to prime, 2@3½c; do full skims, fresh arrivals, 1½@2c, and old skims, ½@1c.

EGGS.—Sales of Pennsylvania extras at 17½@18c, chiefly 18c for fine marks and near by; and Western fresh arrivals at 17@17½c, the latter rather extreme for the bulk of the offerings of Western.

PETROLEUM.—The market was quiet and unchanged at 8½c for 70 Abel test in barrels, and 9½c for 110 test in cases.

HAY AND STRAW.—We quote North Pennsylvania at \$20; choice Western and New York, \$17@18; fair to good at \$14@16. Rye Straw was quiet at \$15@15.50.

SEEDS.—Clover was quiet and steady at 9@9½c, as to quality. Timothy was firm on the basis of last business at \$1.60 per bushel. Flax was held at \$1.40 to arrive.

FEED.—The market was firm under light spot supplies, with sales of 3 cars prime winter Bran at \$16.12½@16.25 on track.

Live Stock Prices.

The arrivals of live stock at the various yards were: beefs, 2,000; sheep, 15,000; hogs, 4,000. Previous week: Beefes, 3,500; sheep, 12,000; hogs, 4,000.

BEEF CATTLE were in light supply, and prices advanced ½c to ¾c on Texans, ½c to 1c on natives, the latter rate on the common and medium grades. The advance was the heaviest jumper ever made in a market for years past, and was caused by Western drovers holding their stock back.

Extra, 7@7½c; good, 6½@6¾c; medium, 5½@6½c; common, 4½@5½c; Texans, 4@5c.

MILCH COWS were in fair demand at \$30@60. COUNTRY FAT COWS were in poor condition and dull at 2½@4c.

VEAL CALVES were in fair request at 5@7c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS were dull. Extra, 4½@5c; good, 4@4½c; medium, 3@3½c; common, 2@2½c; Lambs, 3@7c.

HOGS were in fair demand, and closed at an advance of ½c. We quote Western from 8½c to 8c.

CITY DRESSED BEEVES were fairly active, and prices closed higher at 7@10½c, the former for very common.

DRESSED SHEEP were in fair demand and closed at 7@10c.

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This is the number actually reached this week by the Mason & Hamlin Organ and Piano Company, in the regular numbering of their world-renowned cabinet organs. Having commenced business in 1854, the average number of organs produced per annum has been 5000, which is 100 per week for the entire 1500 weeks of their business career. The Mason & Hamlin organs have been sent to every civilized country, and their sale never was greater than at the present time, averaging from 10,000 to 15,000 organs per annum. —Boston Journal.

BOOK OF THE DOG.

We have received, from the Philadelphia Kennel, 237 South Eighth street, a copy of their Dog Buyers' Guide. It contains a finely-executed colored frontispiece; well-drawn engravings of nearly every breed of dog, and all kinds of dog furnishing goods. We should judge that the book cost, to produce, a great deal more than the price asked—10 cents—and would advise all our readers who are interested in dogs to send for the book.

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